

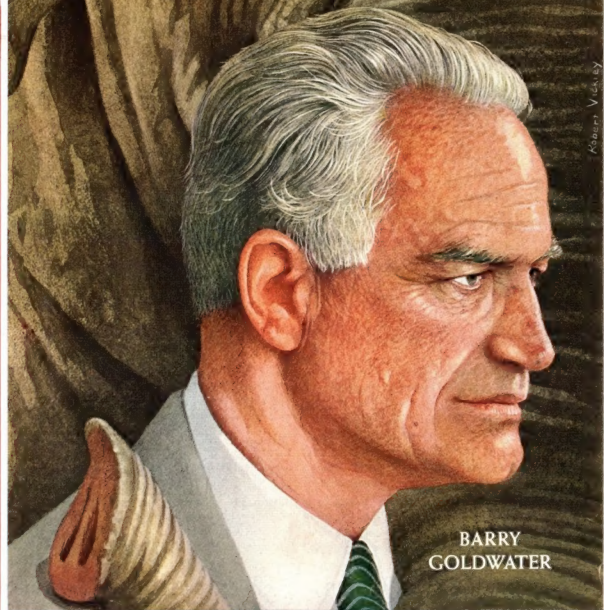
THIRTY CENTS

JUNE 14, 1963

# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

CANDIDATE-WATCHING IN THE G.O.P.  
Can they find a winner?



BARRY  
GOLDWATER

VOL. 81 NO. 24

(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)

# the Caribbean this Summer:



## so cool, so close, so little cost

■ The Caribbean is one place in this world where you can soak up the sun this summer and be cool about it. Breezy trade winds see to that on island after island right through to September.

■ And getting there is so quick, so easy when you fly Pan Am Jet Clipper®. It's just 3½ hours to San Juan from New York, 2¼ hours from Miami. If you wish, start from Boston, Philadelphia or Baltimore/Washington.

■ Only Pan Am flies to *all 13* favorite islands. Jets non-stop from New York to Puerto Rico, Jamaica, Antigua, the Virgin Islands, the Dominican Republic, Trinidad and Nassau. Or fly Pan Am Jet with no change of plane to Barbados, Curaçao and Guadeloupe.

■ Plan to visit one island or island-hop a half dozen or more. Wherever you go, a few dollars will take you a long way. For example, the Virgin Islands offer you shopping

bargains from all over the world. You can buy a fine Swiss watch for half the New York price. A bottle of Grand Marnier Cordon Rouge (over \$9 in the continental U.S.) is yours for only \$3.50. Imported French perfumes for less than you'd pay in Paris! Up to \$200 worth of purchases per person without paying duty—only from the Virgin Islands! And remember: hotel and restaurant prices are down everywhere you go in the Caribbean.

■ Pan Am can save you money, too, with 17- and 30-day Jet excursion fares to many of the islands. And now Pan Am offers you Jet economy Group fares to the Caribbean and Nassau. Reductions of up to \$90 per person over regular Jet economy fares for qualified Groups of 25 or more! For information see your Pan Am Travel Agent or call Pan American—*First in Latin America, First on the Atlantic, First on the Pacific and First 'Round the World.*

You're better off with Pan Am  World's Most Experienced Airline

*From a collection made for Bankers Trust Company by Henri Cartier-Bresson / Magnum*



**Outgoing.** The gentleman talking is an exporter of pharmaceuticals. Many customers at Bankers Trust send goods abroad, bring goods in, invest and manufacture overseas. With the way the world is, one thing they can be sure of is *change*. However, they can also be sure that the International Department of Bankers Trust will always be ready to serve their interests in every country, whatever the change in economic or political conditions. Keeping up with the world is their business. Come in and talk about yours.

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EXCITINGLY NEW FROM



Only Zenith packs so much big-set performance into a lightweight, super-slim, ultra-styled portable!



THE JETLINER, MODEL L-2105. 39" OVERALL DIA. PICT. MEAS. 17 1/2" SQ. IN. BUST. PICT. AREA.

**Zenith builds rugged Handcrafted Quality plus 10 extra-value features into big-screen portable TV!**


NEVER BEFORE A LIGHTWEIGHT, HANDCRAFTED 19" TV WITH SO MANY BIG-SET PERFORMANCE FEATURES! Such as "Perma-Set" fine tuning. Automatic "Fringe-Lock" circuit. "Gated Beam" sound. 3-stage IF amplification. Bonded picture glass. Plus sensitive dipole antenna. "Capacity-Plus" components. And UHF all channel tuning!

YOU CAN SEE ITS NEWNESS! The "Jetliner's" advanced, streamlined styling is slim, modern—from its sleek, silvery trim, to the handsome molded back. It has easy top tuning. Recessed controls. Big clear channel numbers.

AND IT CAN TAKE IT! The "Jetliner's" quality components are firmly fastened to a rugged metal handcrafted chassis. It's hand wired. Hand soldered. There are no printed circuits. No production shortcuts.

IT'S WHAT YOU WOULD EXPECT FROM ZENITH! A new lightweight, luggage-style TV designed to bring you greater operating dependability, fewer service problems—and a brighter, sharper, clearer picture year after year. See the "Jetliner" at your Zenith dealer's soon. (In tan or ebony colors—\$189.95\*\*.)

\*OPTIONAL AT SALES. ADDITIONAL COST. \*\*PRICING AND SPECIFICATIONS SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE.

Zenith  The quality goes in before the name goes on



"This is one appointment  
I can't afford to miss."

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be sure it's **HERTZ**

When you travel on business, you can't afford to take chances on not getting a car. Or on whether it will get you where you're going. That's why it's nice to know you can depend on Hertz — and on our new Chevrolets and other fine cars. Our business is making your business a little easier.

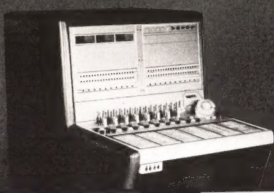
Let **HERTZ** put you in the driver's seat!



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**Expert communications counsel. Up-to-date communications services. They can help you solve business problems. Let us prove it.**



Give our Communications Consultant a call. He'll gladly visit you, make a thorough study of your present communications setup and give you a detailed report. Free of cost.

If more-up-to-date services can help you operate more efficiently, he'll tell you where and how and why. No double-talk or empty promises. He knows he has to deliver. And he has the

finest of business communications to back up his proposal. Some of them are shown above.

You have everything to gain from talking with this man. Just call your Bell Telephone Business Office and ask for a Communications Consultant.



**Bell Telephone System**

# TIME LISTINGS

## TELEVISION

Wednesday, June 12

**CBS Reports** (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.).\* The program examines labor-management relations in the light of last-ditch attempts to avoid a nationwide railway strike.

**Julie and Carol at Carnegie Hall** (CBS, 9-10 p.m.). Repeat of the two-Emmy-winning special, starring Julie Andrews and Carol Burnett.

**United States Steel Hour** (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne star in James Barrie's play *The Old Lady Shows Her Medals*, about a London charwoman and the young soldier she sends packages to.

Friday, June 14

**The Jack Paar Program** (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Guests: ten of the eleven survivors of President Kennedy's wartime PT 109 crew and two of the men who rescued them. Repeat.

Saturday, June 15

**Wide World of Sports** (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). National A.A.U. Gymnastics Championships from Philadelphia.

**The Defenders** (CBS, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Young Ken overrides his father to seek out the facts behind a twelve-year-old crime. Repeat.

Sunday, June 16

**Issues and Answers** (ABC, 2:30-3 p.m.). Secretary of State Dean Rusk.

**Sunday Night Movie** (ABC, 8-10 p.m.). Burt Lancaster, Kirk Douglas and Sir Laurence Olivier star in G. B. Shaw's *Devil's Disciple*.

**Voice of Firestone** (ABC, 10:30-10:30 p.m.). Soloists: Richard Tucker, Jerome Hines, Mary Costa.

Monday, June 17

**Monday Night at the Movies** (NBC, 7:30-9:30 p.m.). *King of the Khyber Rifles*, with Tyrone Power. Color.

**David Brinkley's Journal** (NBC, 10:30-10:30 p.m.). Brinkley visits an all-Negro town in Mississippi. Color. Repeat.

Tuesday, June 18

**Chet Huntley Reporting** (NBC, 10:30-11 p.m.). Afghanistan, caught between U.S. and Soviet policy.

## THEATER

### On Broadway

*She Loves Me* manages to be romantic about love in an Old Budapest perfume shop without being stickily sentimental. The lovebirds (Daniel Massey and Barbara Cook) are ardent and charming, and the songbirds can really sing, a forgotten treat in a musical.

*Photo Finish* stages a lively dead heat between an old party of 80 and his 60-, 40-, and 20-year-old selves. Author-Director-Star Peter Ustinov has concocted this stunt play, and with the help of an elegant and able cast, he pulls it off wittily.

*Enter Laughing*, by Joseph Stein, takes a brash, gauche, inflammably youthful would-be actor from a hat-machine fac-

tory to some bogus acting-school footlights. The play is sketchy but captivating and Alan Arkin is a clown's clown.

*Strange Interlude*, by Eugene O'Neill, shows its age, but the skill and fidelity of the Actors Studio company make this revival a vibrantly living theatrical experience. Geraldine Page is at the top of her form, and Broadway form rarely gets any finer.

*Never Too Late*, by Sumner Arthur Long, Unexpected fatherhood at 60 turns Paul Ford's face into a contour map of morose grimaces, the mere contemplation of which sends audiences into typhoons of laughter. Orson Bean mirthfully adds to the fundemonium.

*Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, by Edward Albee. A history professor (Arthur Hill) and his bitter half (Uta Hagen) mercilessly tell all the news that's not fit to print about each other.

*Little Me* wears its high-polish frivolities with a sophisticated air. The musical's funmaster-in-chief is Sid Caesar, who has never been drooler.

### Off Broadway

*The Boys from Syracuse*. Breeding tells, and this musical is a thoroughbred, originally sired by Shakespeare (*Comedy of Errors*) out of Plautus. The Rodgers & Hart songs are a lulling delight, and a Most Adorable Cutie award should be bestowed on the bewitchingly gifted Julie-ene Marie.

*Six Characters in Search of an Author*, by Luigi Pirandello, offers a model revival of a modern classic.

## CINEMA

Hud. Paul Newman, Melvyn Douglas, Brandon De Wilde, and Patricia Neal make up almost the entire cast of this magnificently pungent film about an unregenerate heel, a decent old man, and a boy who makes a choice of heroes.

*Pickpocket*. French Director Robert Bresson launches an excursion into the cold world of Nietzschean philosophy as he takes his hero, a pickpocket, through a series of emotional situations. The film propounds paradoxes: that man must sin to be saved, that the road to heaven is paved with bad intentions.

*The L-Shaped Room*. The plot may be soap-operaic, but sensitive direction and good performances by luminous Leslie Caron, hawk-faced Tom Bell and old-time Vaudevilian Cicely Courtneidge help to make this story about love, loneliness and unwed motherhood more than worthwhile.

*Winter Light*. The protagonist of this somberly beautiful picture is a Swedish pastor who not only fails himself but fails everyone who needs his help because he doubts the very existence of God. Ingmar Bergman's latest film is colder, darker and even more relentless than the others.

*Doctor No*. Ian Fleming fans will get more than their money's worth in this somewhat overdone dollop of derring-do about British Agent 007, a mad scientist and an atomic furnace. Sean Connery is properly urbane and unbelievably brave as James Bond.

*55 Days at Peking*. The Boxer Rebellion gets the wide-screen treatment, and the result is a full-scale war. Among the foreign devils who make the Chinese so

mad are David Niven, Ava Gardner, Charlton Heston and Paul Lukas.

*Two Daughters*. A gentle and witty two-part film from India's Satyajit Ray, it speaks a universal language of quiet comedy and deep emotion.

## BOOKS

### Best Reading

Elizabeth Appleton, by John O'Hara. You can get the girl out of the *Social Register*, but you cannot get the *Social Register* out of the girl. O'Hara seems to be saying in this sharp-eyed study of a Southampton girl who married down into academic life.

*Anti-Intellectualism in American Life*, by Richard Hofstadter. Anti-intellectualism, argues Hofstadter, is part and parcel of democracy, and he demonstrates the point with lively discourses on famous anti-intellectual mavericks and movements.

*The Rock Garden*, by Nikos Kazantzakis. In this transparently autobiographical novel, the great Greek poet-novelist describes a 1936 trip to the Orient, where he saw with depression but grudging admiration "a new human type" emerging against the ancient beauties, as the Japanese girded for war.

*Memories, Dreams, Reflections*, by C. G. Jung. A fascinating autobiographical account of the dream life of the great Swiss psychologist, who, in rejecting Freud and in pursuing his own mystic world of psychic energy, at last turned his back on much of the scientific thought of his own time.

*The Shoes of the Fisherman*, by Morris West. A Catholic Novelist West imagines a Russian who becomes Pope just as his onetime interrogator becomes head of the Soviets. The resulting moral dialogue between God's man and Communism's master is woven into a texture of high drama.

*The Decline and Fall of Lloyd George*, by Lord Beaverbrook. An intimate account of the events that in 1922 ended the career of one of the greatest of England's Prime Ministers, by a man who had a large part in his downfall.

### Best Sellers

#### FICTION

1. *The Glass-Blowers*, Du Maurier (1, last week)
2. *Raise High the Roof Beam, Carpenters and Seymour An Introduction*, Salinger (2)
3. *Seven Days in May*, Knebel and Bailey (3)
4. *Grandmother and the Priests*, Caldwell (8)
5. *The Sand Pebbles*, McKenna (6)
6. *The Bedford Incident*, Rascovitch
7. *The Shoes of the Fisherman*, West
8. *The Moon-Spinners*, Stewart (10)
9. *The Moonflower Vine*, Carleton (9)
10. *Fall-Soft*, Burdick and Wheeler (5)

#### NONFICTION

1. *The Whole Truth and Nothing But*, Hopper (2)
2. *Travels with Charley*, Steinbeck (1)
3. *I Owe Russia \$1,200*, Hope (4)
4. *The Ordeal of Power*, Hughes (9)
5. *The Fire Next Time*, Baldwin (3)
6. *Forever Free*, Adamson (10)
7. *O Ye Jigs & Juleps!*, Hudson (6)
8. *The Great Hunger*, Woodham-Smith (5)
9. *The Feminine Mystique*, Friedan (8)
10. *Final Verdict*, St. Johns

\* All times E.D.T.



## Some Volkswagen owners look down on other Volkswagen owners.

When you graduate from a Volkswagen Sedan to a Volkswagen Station Wagon, you really step up in the world.

The Station Wagon stands a good foot taller than other cars.

And it holds more than the biggest conventional wagon you can find.

But the VW Wagon isn't only tall.

It's also short.

We saved 4 feet of hood in front by putting the engine in back.

Big as it is inside, it's only 9 inches longer than the Volkswagen Sedan.

So people who move up to the high-slung model still feel very much at home.

They park in the same little spots.

They still don't worry about freezing or boiling; the engine is air-cooled.

They still go a long way on a gallon of gas (about 24 miles) and a very long way on a set of tires (about 30,000 miles).

And it just tickles them to drive one Volkswagen and look down on a million others.

*See the Great Nations of the World...*

*Learn Their Rich and Varied Stories...*

*Meet Their Colorful Peoples in...*

**LIFE** WORLD LIBRARY

## TROPICAL AFRICA



## TROPICAL AFRICA

See this introductory volume to the LIFE WORLD LIBRARY. Find out for yourself how exciting and informative this especially timely reader service can be. To read TROPICAL AFRICA for ten days, with no obligation to buy it, fill out and mail the adjoining order card.

To Americans—to the world—Tropical Africa is a land of complexity, intrigue, effervescence, a land vital to understand. But because of its vastness, its many different peoples, traditions and languages, it is one of the most difficult for us to know. Now, in TROPICAL AFRICA, the Editors of LIFE bring you an immensely helpful guide to this understanding... while offering you at the same time the excitement of a first-hand visit to captivating African nations where the old and the new live side by side. In a series of picture essays, prepared by teams of LIFE photographers and reporters, you see the new nations, meet the people, learn about their history and their present way of life. We believe this new pictorial approach can give you—and your family—a clear understanding of the complexities of a land where 19 new nations came into being in 1960 and 1961.



Actual size 8½ x 11 inches. 176 pages with more than 100 photographs and paintings, many in full color, plus helpful maps, graphs, charts and tables of information about the nations of Tropical Africa. Fully indexed with special appendix and bibliography of suggested further reading.

TIME INC. BOOKS—

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# THE **LIFE** WORLD LIBRARY

## *The Look of the Land, the Life of the People...*

To get a panoramic picture of the sprawl and contrast and pulsating rhythm of life in Tropical Africa you traverse the towering coastal jungle of Nigeria and walk side by side with bustling pedestrians in the teeming market place of Kumasi, in newly independent Ghana. You recall the fabled powers of ancient Tropical Africa... Songhai, whose principal city was the legendary Timbuktu... the Kingdom of the Kongo whose ruler rode "upon an Elephant in great pompe and majesty" about the same time Columbus sailed from the shores of Spain. You see Tropical Africa today and gain a new understanding of the juggernaut of nationalism that spurred a leap to freedom for countries like the Mali Republic, Chad, Gabon. You watch dancing maidens shuffle and chant to honor a marriage in their village... and marvel at the beauties and wonders of an art and culture that is centuries old. You realize a fresh insight into terms like "A New Africa," and come to understand why there has been nothing in modern history to compare with the last decade in Tropical Africa.

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## **RUSSIA**

You journey to Moscow, to remote Siberia, to Samarkand. You meet the Russian people... in Red Square... by the Black Sea... massed for a Communist rally. You learn Russia's history, the evolution of communism, how Premier Khrushchev rules.

## **BRITAIN**

You follow the surge and ebb of The Empire, and go behind the scenes to see Buckingham Palace, Parliament, Soho. You come to know the staunch and gallant British character intimately, and appreciate anew the unique and lasting strength of America's long-time ally.

## **GERMANY**

This report on present-day Germany sheds new light on the character of the people and their crucial position in the cold war. By meeting titans of industry, Berliners who live in the Soviet shadow and modest farmers in the Rhineland, you gain a fresh understanding of the new Germany and its role in world events.

## **THE WEST INDIES**

Pleasure lands, tiny kingdoms of tyranny, fertile soils for revolution, these islands in the Caribbean have long commanded man's attention and lured his heart. This new report shows you why. You see Castro's Cuba... the rich artistic and religious heritage of Haiti... the lovely countries of Dominican Republic, Puerto Rico, and Jamaica, and meet the peoples who give these islands their magic charm.



## THE WORLD'S HORIZONS ARE IN RETREAT

Towering communication antennas are springing up around the globe. Microwave signals are sent from one to another—signals that are bounced off the troposphere to avoid obstructing horizons. These over-the-horizon or troposcatter antennas are connecting links in networks developed by ITT System companies. Covering great distances, troposcatter networks form electronic bridges across Europe, North Africa, the Caribbean, South Pacific, and Arctic. They transmit not only critical military intelligence but civilian television, telephone and telegraph communications, too. / Dedicated to an intimate world in which information flows freely and quickly, ITT is contributing to a world-embracing web of telecommunications... a web in which troposcatter networks will be an integral part. / Other factors in this effort are ITT's innovations and refinements in telephony, telegraphy, telemetry, data communications, and electronic defense and space systems. Achievements in these areas have enabled ITT to maintain its position as the world's largest international supplier in electronics and telecommunications. / International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation. World Headquarters: 320 Park Avenue, New York 22, New York.

worldwide electronics and telecommunications

# ITT



Missile engineer Louis Raben of Tulsa, photographed with the Thor-Delta at Cape Canaveral

## "Life insurance? I've got my G.I. policy!"

"But a MONY man showed me it didn't give my family near enough protection."



Claude Bradshaw talks it over with Claude Bradshaw

"I'm worth more dead than alive!" I told MONY man Claude Bradshaw. With my G. I. policy, I figured I'd crossed insurance off my list.

"I had to start small, at the beginning. But I've built up the program just the way Claude planned."

"In fact, I was so impressed with Claude's planning and service, I asked him to set up a MONY Health Insurance Program for us, too. I'm a real booster for Claude...and for MONY."

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"\$10,000 sounds like a lot," Claude agreed. "But how much income would it provide?" He worked out a MONY plan for me that included my G.I. policy, and would give my wife a decent income if I died.

"And when he showed me the plan could do things like help with our boys' education...that really sold me!"

The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, N. Y. - Life, Health, Group Insurance, Pension Plans - Sales and Service Offices throughout the United States, in Canada, and serving our Armed Forces in Western Europe



## The new world of Command & Control

A big problem is building up Out There. As man reaches out toward the planets, he faces new extremes of speed and distance. A way must be found to collect, process, and correlate immense amounts of data—in thousandths of a second—and to display the results in such a way that he can make the right decision instantly.

For man himself must make the ultimate decision. This is the real problem of Command & Control.

To this immense task, Lockheed has directed the nation's best qualified scientific staff. The most experienced, too, working closely with the Air Force's Space Systems Division, they designed and built the USAF satellite tracking center at Sunnyvale, California, which has commanded, controlled, and proc-

essed data from more than 60 percent of all U.S. satellites.

Today these men are laying the groundwork for the interplanetary Command & Control system that must become a reality in the '70s.

LOCKHEED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION, BURBANK, CALIFORNIA: Aircraft, Spacecraft, Satellites, Missiles, Electronics, Propulsion, Nucleonics, Shipbuilding, Ocean Systems, Heavy Construction.

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**Best**

**Best**

**Best**

Three "best" gasolines! You bet. One of them is made with you and your car in mind. For instance, No-Nox<sup>®</sup> is for every engine that requires a high-octane fuel to deliver the ultimate in car performance. No-Nox is Gulf's premium-grade gasoline. Everywhere it goes, it cleans. It actually neutralizes spark plug and combustion chamber deposits. Good Gulf<sup>®</sup> is our famous regular grade gasoline. Millions of motorists fill up their tanks with it every day. They



find it ideal for smooth, steady power—fine anti-knock performance. Newest of all is Gulftane<sup>®</sup>, the gasoline that has already rung up sales records in its class. It's for cars that just don't need extra octanes to do their best (and for those motorists who appreciate the extra thrift). Visit the man at the white station and get into the Gulf habit—starting with the Gulf gasoline that's best for your needs. You'll like it. So will your car. Gulf Oil Corporation.

GULF CARE MAKES YOUR CAR RUN BETTER




## Now: steel cast in a continuous slab!

For more than a century, steelmakers, including McLouth, have poured molten steel carefully into ingot molds—one at a time. When the ingot cools, it is stripped from its mold. Then reheated. Then rolled into slabs of “semi-finished” steel. Now we’ll pour steel continuously, into a complex 38-foot “concast” installation. By the time the metal reaches bottom, it’s cool. Cut it into slabs, and there you are: semi-finished steel in one 20 minute operation! Steelmen will tell you that “continuous casting” could be the biggest revolution in our industry since oxygen process steelmaking was introduced in America—by McLouth—in 1955.

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your Aetna Casualty Agent  
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**FRIEND IN COURT.** You can count on an Aetna Casualty agent to be where you need him, when you need him. He will *put himself in your shoes*—whether he's helping you to settle a claim, or planning your insurance program. That's one reason we call our policies "The policies with the P.S.—Personal Service."

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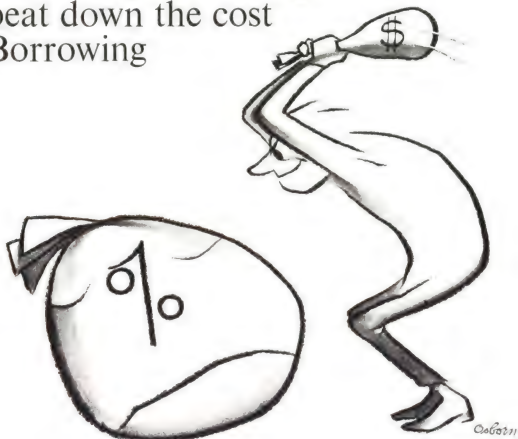
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Find us fast in the Yellow Pages



# How to use your Savings to beat down the cost of Borrowing



*Put your savings in a Full Service commercial bank. Borrow money from that same bank. You'll make the most of your money because you'll pay the least for your loan.*

Doing business with a Full Service commercial bank is a two-way street. The more you do for the bank, the more the bank can do for you.

## **What can you do for a Full Service bank?**

Plenty! Give it your checking account, your savings account, and do all your borrowing from that bank—your auto loans, personal loans, vacation loans, home loans. The more business you give them, the better.

## **In return, what can a Full Service bank do for you?**

Again, plenty! It can save you money. For instance, suppose you need \$2,000 to buy a car or take a trip or help send

the kids to college. If you've established a good credit reputation with a Full Service commercial bank—chances are good that you can borrow the money there at far less cost than you'd have to pay elsewhere. On a \$2,000 loan, for example, you might save as much as \$100 in interest costs. This is true because interest rates for loans at Full Service banks are usually considerably lower than at most other types of financial institutions.

For another example, take home loans. Often, a Full Service bank can save you money because of lower fees, even though the actual interest rate may be the same as quoted by another financial institution.

## **What about the lower interest rate on savings?**

A good point. But vulnerable. Full Service banks sometimes pay a little less on savings than other types of financial institutions. But suppose you have a \$1,000 savings account in a Full Service bank. Even if it earns 1% less,

this only cuts you out of \$10 a year. Meanwhile, if you had taken advantage of the low-cost loan we mentioned earlier, you'd already be \$90 ahead—and you'd have a good bank in your corner.

If you're like many people, you'll borrow far more in your lifetime than you'll save. It figures that having to pay even a slightly higher rate on a loan will quickly wipe out any small gain you might make on your savings.

## **How do you get acquainted with a Full Service bank?**

Very simple. Just pick one that's handy to your home or work. (You can be sure it's a Full Service commercial bank if it offers both checking and savings accounts plus all types of loans.)

Then make this bank your financial headquarters. The rest comes easy.



*Your Full Service Commercial Bank*

**BURN UP THE COURSE WITH ROYAL SPECIAL L/P...**

Royal Special  
L/P

## ...first golf ball with new ACCELERATOR Thread for faster getaway, greater go!

Thanks to Accelerator Thread, the Royal Special L/P takes a new faster leap off your clubhead. Delivers greater go for unexcelled distance. Gives a crisp click and sweeter "feel." Play the L/P—and start to burn up the course at your club. Sold only at golf professional shops. **LOOK FOR THE L/P**

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**United States Rubber**  
Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.  
WORLD'S LARGEST MAKER OF GOLF BALLS

With Mr. Shoriki removed, the Yomiuri Shinbun fell immediately under the control of Communists. The Occupation authorities then changed their policy and began to clamp down on the Communists.

**FUMIO KOJIMA**  
Managing Editor

The Yomiuri Shinbun  
Tokyo

### Hitler & the Danes

Sir: While properly denigrating Eichmann and his barbaric culture [May 24], you cast an unfair shadow over the Danes. Any "autonomy" Hitler granted the Danes was due more to his need for their agriculture and his desire to demonstrate a "model" occupation than to the political complicity you imply.

**EUGENE R. HINKSTON**  
1962 Fulbright Teacher  
in Denmark

Woodland Hills, Calif.

### What's Wat

Sir: The recent heads of state conference held here in Addis Ababa [May 31] may well be remembered in history as a significant event in world, not just African affairs.

The fact that 30 African heads of state agreed to gather together is a major accomplishment in itself. That they were able to draft a charter for the Organization of African Unity; contribute for the liberation of Africans still under colonial rule; that the finance ministers of the 32 African governments will soon meet in Khartoum to discuss setting up an African development bank are indications that the Africans are serious about African unity, however different their ideas about this may be at the present.

**THOMAS A. GRANGE**  
Peace Corps Teacher  
Prince Makonnen School  
Addis Ababa, Ethiopia

Sir: What you call *wat* is what Ethiopians eat as *injera*. *Wat* is a kind of curried stew made of lamb, beef or chicken and liberally seasoned with pepper and other spices. The *injera* is served with the *wat*—usually for dipping.

**MRS. URIEL YARDEN**  
Thornwood, N.Y.

### Inside Castro's Prisons

Sir: The facts set forth in the OAS report on the Castro prisons have long been known to all who have had relatives and friends in Castro's power.

Since 1960, to my knowledge, delegations of wives and relatives of the political prisoners have protested to the Red Cross, to the OAS, and to every agency they could think of, trying to make known to the world the plight of these men and women. Up to now their efforts have been to no avail.

Even now your [June 7] article is the first complete report of the OAS findings that I have come across.

**JOSEFINA OBREGON**  
New York City

### How Many Caesareans?

Sir: Re the article on "Obstetrics" in the June 7 issue of TIME, may I make some slight objection to the views of Dr. R. Paquin. In some ways, perhaps I, too, am an "up-to-date" obstetrical surgeon, for I, too, routinely use the "New Cut."

The article has, however, overlooked the transcendently important fact that no matter how we slice a pregnant woman, she nevertheless becomes an obstetrical "cripple."

Despite improved statistics and meticulous surgical skill, there is still a small incidence of weakened uterine scars and extensive postoperative adhesions that might make further pregnancies undesirable and dangerous.

**LEVON BEDROSIAN, M.D.**  
Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology  
Albany Medical College  
Albany, N.Y.

### Good Old Pure Oil

Sir: Your June 7 Indianapolis "500" article was, in the usual TIME-like fashion, the greatest—bright, interesting and informative, as no other magazine can be. But that "good old Esso pump" from which the Lotus race cars "got their nourishment" had a Pure Oil Company sign on it and Pure Firebird Gasoline in it.

**J. C. BRADFORD**  
Pure Oil Co.  
Palatine, Ill.

### Nelson Algren's Boyhood

Sir: When you talk about the struggles of Nelson Algren's childhood in tough old Chicago [May 31] you're making a liar out of me to my wife. "Swede" Algren and I were close friends from the time we were 13 until after college, including a memorable Depression summer when we hitchhiked down to the lower Rio Grande valley in Texas.

It's true that he worked his way through the University of Illinois, but generally Swede and I had a pretty carefree time in our teens. The point is, the Nelson Algren I grew up with had an ordinary boyhood without hunger, fear or deprivation. He's a great writer without the hoked-up background.

**BENTON CURTIS**  
Milwaukee

### Clutching Clio

Sir: My commercial for Harvey's Bristol Cream Sherry won a Clio at the American TV Commercials Festival.

My boss was happy with the recognition. My client was happy with the honor. My children were happy with the statuette. My wife was happy with her husband. Even I was happy just being one of "the poor geniuses who think up commercials."

Then I read TIME, May 31.

I really can't explain why, but somehow I'm still happy.

**MITCHELL J. EPTSTEIN**  
New York City

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE, Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.

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Bernard M. Auer

TIME, JUNE 14, 1963



## The gift that isn't in the picture

What mother doesn't cherish a birthday tribute like this? Burned toast and all.

Sometimes, it takes only a little thoughtfulness to make a birthday the happiest of days.

But like any good father, you know thoughtfulness does not end with burned toast—or birthdays. It also means seeing that the family's security is provided for. Keeping a roof over their heads. Meeting the kids' college bills. It means guaranteeing these things even if, someday, something should happen to you.

This is where your Massachusetts Mutual man can make *his* contribution to your family's

happiness. Your Mass Mutual man is a specialist in helping you plan your dollars so they will go farthest in making your wants and hopes and dreams for the whole family come true.

And his company's policies are famous for their built-in extra values—their liberal provisions and flexibility.

The planning you do together gives you the peace of mind of *knowing* your family is secure.

If this gift isn't in your picture, shouldn't you make sure it is? In any matter that concerns the security of your family . . . ASK THE MAN FROM MASS MUTUAL.

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# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

June 14, 1963

Vol. 81 No. 24

## THE NATION

### RACES

#### The Inexorable Process

For six months—ever since a feeble little bus boycott—Negroes in the furniture and textile town of Lexington, N.C., had returned silently to their Jim Crow world. Then last week, caught up in the fever of the Negroes' national revolution, 14 Negroes decided to try for service in a few of Lexington's segregated stores.

It went pretty well. They were taunted by some whites. A few rocks were thrown. But, surprisingly, a segregated drugstore counter sold them food. The next night things were different. Scores of whites began gathering at Lexington's Red Pig, a rigidly segregated beer-and-barbecue spot in the center of town. The talk was of the Negroes' gains the night before. The crowd grew larger and suddenly someone yelled: "Let's hang the first nigger we find!" The mob began to move menacingly through town. It found no victims, and it surged on until 800 angry whites were standing in a roaring wall along the street that separates white and Negro homes in Lexington.

"We'll Start Shooting." A warning cry sounded through the Negro district. Some 400 people charged out of their homes to face the whites, and a deafening roar of insults, obscenities, threats rose from the white men's mob. The Negroes answered in kind.

Police nervously patrolled the center of the street, hoping to keep the races apart. But rocks, sticks, bottles—some filled with gasoline—flew back and forth across the police line. A Negro girl dropped to the sidewalk when a rock struck her on the head. A photographer for the High Point (N.C.) Enterprise, Art Richardson, 24, set himself to snap a picture, collapsed in the glare of his own flashbulb. He had been shot in the back. From a Negro apartment building came furious shouts: "Tell the white people to get back or we'll start shooting!" The white men stayed. Bullets began to ricochet off the pavement, spurring sparks as they hit. The thunder of the mob rose—louder and louder—until even the sound of gunfire was drowned out.

One of those shots struck Fred Link, 25, an auto mechanic who had left his rural home that night, telling his family he was going to town because he was curious to see what would happen after

the Negro sit-in attempts. The bullet hit Link in the head. He died on the way to a hospital in Winston-Salem, 20 miles away. State troopers had joined Lexington police and firemen by then. Using fire hoses, they drove away the crowd. Next day seven young Lexington Negroes and twelve whites were arrested. Police said the Negroes were

100 top executives of chain stores operating in the South. The President coolly appealed to reason. Said a Southern theater-chain executive: "He kept stressing that voluntary action by businessmen was far more effective—and preferred by him—instead of forcing integration through new laws."

But the Administration still had legis-



THE BROTHERS KENNEDY & LYNDON JOHNSON WITH CHAIN STORE EXECUTIVES

Scrambling to catch up with the frightening facts.

armed with a zip gun, a shotgun and a sawed-off .22 caliber rifle.

**An Appeal to Reason.** Even before last week's killing, an anxious Justice Department official had said, "I'm afraid we'll get down to a different kind of Negro—the knife and club type." He explained that the various Negro groups were competing with each other in militancy and fervor, and that there was a danger that the leaders would become followers. "There's competition among the N.A.A.C.P., CORE (Congress of Racial Equality), 'Snick' (Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee) and Martin Luther King Jr.'s group. They think the group that's most militant will wind up on top."

The Kennedy Administration for weeks had been scrambling to catch up with that frightening fact. Last week the President, Vice President Lyndon Johnson and Attorney General Robert Kennedy met at the White House with

lation in mind—although it is not necessarily good legislation. Because he needed Republican support, Kennedy put off for at least a week the dispatch to Capitol Hill of a bill that would outlaw racial discrimination in public accommodations—hotels, motels, restaurants, etc. Under that bill, no major facility selling an item passing through interstate commerce (catchup, mustard, salt, pepper, or whatever) could close its doors to Negroes. Kennedy plans to exclude small local establishments, concentrating on larger operations that have been the target for most Negro demonstrations.

**"Invasion of Rights."** Such legislation would, in Administration eyes, be justified not by the 14th Amendment but by the interstate commerce clause of the Constitution. That clause has been used to outlaw child labor, to control liquor traffic, prostitution, lotteries, and to set up food purity codes. But never



JUDGE SEYBOURN LYNNE  
A prayer from the bench.

has it had such a sweeping application as in the civil rights bill that Kennedy would propose.

That application, if approved by Congress (and it will certainly face a Senate filibuster by Southerners), might raise far more questions than it answers. If the interstate commerce clause could be used to enforce civil rights because the owner of a corner hot-dog stand uses out-of-state mustard, then there seems no particular limit on the powers of the Government to impose strictures on individual operators. Phil C. Neal, dean of the University of Chicago Law School, says: "If the idea is to ask for legislation that comprehensively does away with segregation in stores and restaurants, this would undoubtedly represent a substantial breaking down of whatever remains in the way of a dividing line between national and state powers. Other extensions of the commerce clause have not been as far divorced from the national commerce interests as this."

But the week's most forthright appeal to reason—both legal and emotional—came from U.S. District Court Judge Seybourn H. Lynne, 55, a soft-spoken, white-haired little legal scholar who has always lived in Alabama. Lynne granted an injunction barring Alabama Governor George Wallace from interfering with Negroes scheduled to enroll this week at the University of Alabama. Even so, the pugnacious Governor continued, at week's end, to insist on making his "schoolhouse door" stand despite stiff-backed opposition from university officials and students (see EDUCATION) and Judge Lynne's unassailable logic. Wrote Lynne: "Thoughtful people, if they can free themselves from tensions produced by established principles with which they violently disagree, must concede that the Governor of a sovereign state has no authority to obstruct or prevent the execution of the lawful orders of a court of the United States."

And in a moving addendum to the crisp legal language of his order, Sey-

bourn Lynne made a personal plea for peace:

"May it be forgiven if this court makes use of the personal pronoun for the first time in a written opinion. I love the people of Alabama. I know that many of both races are troubled and, like Jonah of old, are 'angry even unto death' as the result of distortion of affairs within this state, practiced in the name of sensationalism.

"My prayer is that all of our people, in keeping with our finest traditions, will join in the resolution that law and order will be maintained, both in Tuscaloosa and in Huntsville."

**Serene & Serene.** On the same day that Judge Lynne delivered his plea, a young Negro—Cleve McDowell, 21—walked into the law school building at the University of Mississippi in Oxford. Nine months before, two men died and dozens were injured when another Negro, James Meredith, enrolled at that school. Last week it was all peace and quiet, law and order in Oxford.

And there were sensible and serene gains chalked up for Negroes in other parts of the South: in Spartanburg, S.C., most downtown restaurants and lunch counters quietly dropped their racial barriers. At the University of Chattanooga, eight Negroes registered for the summer session without incident. In Birmingham, Martin Luther King Jr. led 400 Negroes into city hall to register to vote. In Dallas, a new \$350,000 hospital opened—one of the first integrated hospitals in the South. At Texas A. & M., three Negroes were admitted for the first time in 92 years. And in North Carolina—where Fred Link fell fatally wounded under the feet of a mob—the mayors of Winston-Salem, Durham and Charlotte announced that dozens of restaurants in their towns had quietly canceled policies of segregation. Thus, while national leaders fretted and found causes for alarm, the inexorable process continued.

## THE PRESIDENCY

### On the Road

President Kennedy had another of those busy, busy weeks. Traveling westward, he watched massive demonstrations of nuclear weaponry in the broiling heat of desert missile ranges and from the breezy decks of aircraft carriers. He made speeches on subjects ranging from the bright future of the U.S. Air Force to the nation's earthier civil rights dilemma. He poliocticed with Democratic officeholders and made a chatty appearance at another of those \$1,000-a-couple fund-raising dinners.

**"No Way to Stop Them."** At Maryland's Andrews Air Force Base, young John Kennedy Jr. was on hand with a family nurse to bid the President farewell. He burst into loud bawls as his father left aboard Air Force No. 1 with a cluster of escorting Congressmen. The first presidential stop was at Colorado Springs to deliver a commencement address at the U.S. Air Force

Academy. Air Force men are deeply worried about the Kennedy Administration defense policy; they fear, with considerable cause, that Defense Secretary McNamara is phasing out the manned bomber. But Kennedy told the cadets that more than ever before, their futures will be "changing and challenging." Then he announced an Administration decision to spend federal millions to develop a supersonic commercial transport aircraft (see U.S. BUSINESS).

Next stop was the Colorado Springs headquarters of the North American Air Defense Command, where Kennedy sat hunched forward in the glass control booth from which NORAD's commander would direct defenses against enemy nuclear attack. In an 18-minute electrically simulated surprise attack, he watched the screen trace a pattern of bomber fleets and missile waves from the Soviet Union. The bombers were stopped, but the intercontinental missiles came on and erupted in eerie white ovals as they struck American cities. Muttered one Air Force officer: "We have no way to stop them." The President emerged from the demonstration in a remarkably solemn mood.

**On Target.** Shielded from the sun's glare by a special awning at the White Sands Missile Range, he saw an Army Honest John missile land directly on target in a burst of phosphorescence 7½ miles away and a Nike Hercules intercept a sister missile overhead. Then off to the Navy's show—sub hunters firing rocket-launched torpedoes and Phantom fighters screaming above the carrier *Kitty Hawk* at the speed of sound to fire their Sparrow III missiles with deadly accuracy.

So much for the military. Next came rounds of political motoring in El Paso and San Diego and handshaking with Texas' Democratic Governor John



J.F.K. & ADMIRALS ABOARD "KITTY HAWK"  
A scream overhead.

Connally and California's Democratic Governor Pat Brown. At San Diego State College, Kennedy accepted an honorary doctor of laws degree. Under heavy pressure to deliver a ringing civil rights declaration, the President's San Diego speech had been billed as just that. But it fell far short. Carefully skirting mention of the Negro revolt in the South, Kennedy told his audience that "American children today do not enjoy equal educational opportunities for two reasons: One is economic and the other is racial." Concluded the President: "We must move ahead swiftly in both areas."

**Welcome Respite.** The \$1,000-a-couple dinner, tossed by the President's Club of Los Angeles in the Beverly Hilton Hotel, came as rather a respite. There were no presidential speeches. Instead, Kennedy table-hopped informally, just chatting with the 200 loyal Democrats. Then at week's end he was off to Hawaii, where he was scheduled to talk civil rights to the National Conference of Mayors before returning to Washington.

Within two weeks the President will be back on the road again—this time to Europe, where at the urging of Prime Minister Harold Macmillan he has decided to add to his itinerary a two-day stopover in Britain.

## ARMED FORCES

### Man in the Middle

In the reaches of the world's oceans, the man who commands a ship is, by necessity as well as by tradition, the unquestioned lord of his vessel. Some top admirals of the U.S. Navy carry this quality to shorebound duties in the Pentagon. But nowadays they are questioned by an equally authoritarian operator, Defense Secretary Robert McNamara. And right in the middle of these collision-bound forces sits a string bean of a Texan who holds down one of the most impossible jobs in Washington: Navy Secretary Fred Korth.

Korth, 53, is slightly stooped, combs his white hair severely back, wears thick, black-rimmed glasses. When he gets all gussied up in a jet flight suit, he looks like a cartoonist's rendition of a Sad Sack Spaceman. But on the basis of his performance so far, Korth is far from being ridiculous. He is neither the admirals' cabin boy nor one of McNamara's whiz kids.

**"Gut-Shot Panther."** When McNamara picked Korth to replace John Connally, who quit late in 1961 to run successfully for Governor of Texas, Korth already knew his way around the services. A Fort Worth banker, he was a lieutenant colonel in the Air Transport Command during World War II, had served as Assistant Secretary of the Army in 1952-53. Foreseeing that McNamara would soon start shaking up the Navy, Korth jumped the gun on the Pentagon's civilian boss, appointed a study committee to reorganize the Navy's business side. Although some admirals, as Korth describes it,

"screamed like a gut-shot panther," that reorganization went into effect last week. It coordinated four traditionally autonomous bureaus: Ships, Naval Weapons, Yards and Docks, Supplies and Accounts.

Korth also is trying to broaden and upgrade education at the Naval Academy, wants Annapolis to have a civilian dean, require all its instructors to hold master's degrees. Korth sides with McNamara on the Defense Secretary's decision to award the TFX fighter aircraft contract to General Dynamics, even though Navy experts preferred a Boeing design. He helped seal the dismissal



NAVY PILOT & SECRETARY KORTH  
Neither whiz kid nor cabin boy.

of Chief of Naval Operations George Anderson by not recommending Anderson's reappointment.

On the other hand, when McNamara proposed a military pay hike, Korth wrote a blistering letter to protest that the increase was inadequate. He has cemented friendships for the Navy on Capitol Hill with his frank answers, booming voice and earthy humor. Georgia's Carl Vinson, chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, likes Korth so much that he took him along home recently to meet all the Vinson relatives in Milledgeville, Ga.

**Resisting the Stampede.** Korth's big test will come as the Navy tries to answer McNamara's insistent questions about why it needs more carriers (TIME, March 29), why a carrier needs such a huge protective force, why the Navy wants its carriers to be nuclear-powered. Declares one top naval officer: "Before World War II, the Navy really was the senior service. If we didn't want to answer a question then, we didn't do it. That's the spirit we need in the Navy today. If they cut back on our shipbuilding program, I don't care who is here. We will fight."

Unmoved, Korth refuses to be stampeded into taking up the admirals' fight.

He insists that McNamara has the right to ask such questions and deserves statistical, factual answers, not seven-seas rhetoric. In his role as a sort of service middleman, Korth says: "I love the Navy, but I have loyalties upwards too."

### Road Show for a Relic?

Massachusetts Democratic Senator Teddy Kennedy thought he had a fine idea. Why not move the U.S.S. *Constitution*—"Old Ironsides"—from its berth at Boston Naval Shipyard's Pier 1 to New York next summer so that millions visiting the World's Fair could see the famed frigate?

But no sooner had Teddy floated his notion at a Boston news conference than he was caught up in a battle almost as fierce as that in which the *Constitution* sank the British warship *Guerrière* in 1812. Protested Massachusetts' Republican Senator Leverett Saltonstall: "We are proud of Old Ironsides, and she belongs in Boston." Said Boston Mayor John Collins: "There are too many risks in moving the vessel to New York." Cried the Boston Record-American: "The *Constitution* is too sacred a relic of our heritage to make it a road show." Joining the protests were the Greater Boston Chamber of Commerce, the New England Council of the V.F.W., officials of Boston's historic Freedom Trail Committee, and the state's Navy Mothers.

Surprised but not abashed by all the fuss, Kennedy took his major critics to lunch. He tactfully refrained from telling his home state that Old Ironsides belongs to the whole U.S., even though she has been a historic shrine in Boston Harbor since 1909. Her renovation in the late '20s was aided by the pennies of schoolchildren across the nation, and the U.S. Navy has since manned and maintained her at an annual cost of about \$35,000. But he did wield a secret weapon: his older brother's personal interest in moving the 165-year-old vessel.

Teddy explained that the President heartily approves of "Operation Sail," a private but State Department-endorsed project in which sailing ships from some 21 nations would race across the Atlantic—and help publicize the Fair. To prove his case, the Senator produced a statement from the President. "I am looking forward eagerly to Operation Sail," it said. "The sight of so many ships gathered from the distant corners of the world should remind us that strong, disciplined and venturesome men still can find their way safely across uncertain and stormy seas." Jack would like to catch that sight, said Teddy, from the decks of Old Ironsides, anchored near the Statue of Liberty.

That, plus the Navy's assurance that the *Constitution* would be transported safely in a floating drydock, was all that was needed to produce a cease-fire. As though the whole project were already a certainty, the Boston Globe bannered: PRESIDENT TO REVIEW WORLD FLEET ON OLD IRONSIDES AT N.Y. FAIR.

# GOLDWATER '64



## REPUBLICANS

### "This President Thing"

(See Cover)

Outside Phoenix, Ariz., in the shadow of Camelback Mountain, stands an ultra-modern \$100,000 house made of Moenkopi sandstone that is, by the conservative estimate of its owner, 160 million years old. On the property is a fishpond with a little waterfall. The sound of the waterfall is picked up by a microphone and piped into the house; the owner likes to sleep to its music. In back of the house is a 25-ft. flagpole hooked up to a motor with a photoelectric cell. When the sun rises over the Arizona desert, its light activates the cell, which sets off the motor—and up to the top of the pole runs Old Glory. At sunset, the flag automatically comes down.

This is the home of Arizona's Republican Senator Barry Morris Goldwater—and he loves it. Last week he gazed out at the red-gluing desert land at dusk and spoke reverently. "God," he said, "it's beautiful out here. You wonder what kind of insanity it is that makes you go away and leave it." Whatever it is, Barry Goldwater, 54, has traveled a long way from Arizona—and he may go a lot farther. For in the Republican National Convention were to be held today, Goldwater would almost certainly be its presidential nominee.

The Plunge. From state after state last week came reports of Goldwater's surging strength. Yet that strength can only be explained in terms of the plunging political fortunes of Goldwater's chief rival for the 1964 G.O.P. nomination—New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller.

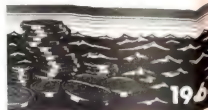
The political reaction to Rocky's recent remarriage has been disastrous. Last week, obviously striving to reverse the tide, Rockefeller and his bride, the former Margaretta ("Happy") Fittler Murphy, undertook a strenuous social schedule. In Albany, the Rockefellers were guests at a luncheon for 44 (top state officials and their wives), a press reception for 84, and a dinner for more than 400 persons. Smiling, attractive and informal, Happy charmed almost everyone. Asked how she felt about her husband's running for President, she frankly wondered whether "one would want the man she loves to have such awesome responsibilities."

At a fund-raising Manhattan dinner attended by some 3,000, Happy continued to make a good impression. New



GOLDWATER-FOR-PRESIDENT POSTERS & BADGE

Out to shatter the shibboleths.



York's Republican Senator Kenneth Keating had a two-word description of her: "Lovely, charming." Said G.O.P. National Committee Chairman William Miller: "I think she's great." The Rockefellers also joined several hundred people for a charity affair aboard a ship that steamed outside the three-mile limit for an evening of gambling and dancing. Among those present were the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, with whom the Rockefellers were photographed. The Duchess said she thought Happy was "gracious," and expressed the hope that "they will be very happy, as we are after 26 years of marriage." It was a nice, normal thought. But people kept comparing Rocky to that other man who gave up high office for the woman he loved.

Rockefeller himself insisted that he was still very much in the presidential running. He recognized that there was criticism of his remarriage. That criticism, he said at a press conference, was "very understandable. One has to see life and the problems of life from other people's point of view. I think love and understanding are the two greatest forces, and if we have that, then we can understand how people feel, regardless of the situation."

"They're Disgusted." But for all Rockefeller's pleas for understanding, public criticism was rising to a pitch not often heard in U.S. politics. Basic to the criticism was the widespread impression (which neither Rocky nor Happy has refuted) that Mrs. Rockefeller surrendered legal custody of her four children by her first marriage. Across the U.S., Republican comments

about Rocky ranged from sadness to outright hostility. In Denver, a woman snorted that she would "rather have Liz Taylor in the White House than that Happy." In Arkansas, Mrs. William Lee Jameson, a G.O.P. national committeewoman, plugging for Goldwater, added tartly: "I've been married to the same man for 40 years."

In Texas, Randall County G.O.P. Chairman John Kenchen said: "I do know what I'd do if Rockefeller were nominated. I might just have to quit." Said Mrs. s. Phyllis Schlafly, president of the Illinois Federation of Republican Women: "I've been taking private poll off Republican women meet all over the state, and their reaction is nearly unanimous—they're disgusted with Rockefeller. A man who broken up two homes is not the kind we want for high public office. The party not so hard up on that it can't find somebody who stuck by his own family."

In Minnesota, where Rocky co. have expected support from a str contingent of moderate Republicans State Chairman Robert Forsythe plained the dramatic descent in the Yorker's popularity: "It was the marriage. That meant another home... You know this guy quite a hero to a lot of people. Said California's Republican Asst. Leader Charles Conrad: "When you married to a woman for years and dump her and later take up with other woman who has dumped her effect, it's certainly going to hurt." In Rhode Island, once a Rockefeller territory, Republican error John Chafee said, "The fact

there are small children of hers involved is extremely unfortunate." Added Kent Shearer, energetic Young Republican leader in Utah: "The married women in the 40s and 50s won't have him. Some of them who are lifelong Republicans warn us, 'Don't make us choose between Kennedy and Happy.'"

"Phooey." And from Rocky's own Northeastern neighborhood came one of the most wrathful public lashings in memory. In Connecticut, once regarded as a hands-down Rockefeller state, one-time U.S. Senator Prescott Bush, a moderate Republican, delivered the commencement address at Greenwich's Rosemary Hall, a school for girls from upper-income families. Said Bush: "Have we come to the point in our life as a nation where the Governor of a great state—one who perhaps aspires to the nomination for President of the United States—can desert a good wife, mother of his grown children, divorce her, then persuade a young mother of four youngsters to abandon her husband and their four children and marry the Governor?"

"Have we come to the point where one of the two great political parties will confer upon such a one its highest honor and greatest responsibility? I venture to hope not. What would Abraham Lincoln think of such a chain of events?"

"Have our standards shifted so much that the American people will approve such a chain of events? I venture to hope not. . . . It will depend on whether our people are ready to say 'phooey' to the sanctity of the American home and the American family. Are we ready to say goodbye to the solemn pledge 'To have and to hold until death do us part'? Young ladies, I hope not, for your sake."

Many sophisticated political observers argue that this sort of feeling about Rockefeller has already reached its crest. They believe that time, and public evidences of the fact that Rocky and Happy are two nice people who happen to be deeply in love, will cause the whole issue to evaporate. New York's Thomas E. Dewey, for one, greeted the Rockefellers warmly at a Republican reception last week, and said: "I wish them long lives, great happiness and great success for many years." Rockefeller, insisted Dewey, is still "the logical nominee." Perhaps so. But in the meanwhile, Republicans can hardly be blamed for casting their gaze around the rest of the political horizon.

**George?** One place they look toward is Michigan, where Governor George Romney, 55, appears to be a Republican of great determination, ability, and integrity. Unseating a Democrat in 1962 after 14 years of unbroken Democratic rule, Romney inherited an all but bankrupt state. Since then, he has had a little bit of luck: the auto industry is booming and, as a result, increased state tax revenues have begun to move Michigan out of the deep red.

But George Romney knows as well as anyone that Michigan cannot per-

manently depend on auto-industry prosperity, that what is really needed is a broad program of state fiscal reform. Romney did not present such a program to his first legislative session, which was brief and inconclusive. He will make his major effort next fall (although the details of what he will ask for have not yet been worked out), and upon the results may depend his national political future.

Romney vehemently says that he will "not be a candidate" for the Republican presidential nomination in 1964. But he would certainly accept a "draft," and those who saw him during two recent speechmaking trips to Washington figured that he was already measuring himself for Jack Kennedy's rocking chair. Many Michiganders resent this; they insist that Romney ought to live up to his gubernatorial campaign promises and solve state problems before he tries to move out into national poli-

sizable Mormon enclaves—Utah, Idaho, California and, curiously, Hawaii. But Romney's Mormonism can also be a political hobble, particularly in view of the Mormon Church's longstanding refusal to admit Negroes to its hierarchy. Moreover, in most regions, regular Republicans look askance at Romney as one who has stressed his role as a "citizens' candidate" and has seemed somewhat embarrassed by his Republican Party label. Says a veteran Senate Republican: "If he wants to get anywhere, George is going to have to forget that citizen-party garbage." As things presently stand, Romney can break through only if Goldwater and Rockefeller kill each other off.

**Bill?** Another possibility—at least on paper—is Pennsylvania's Governor William Scranton, 45. Unlike Romney, Scranton has convinced his closest friends and most of his devout admirers that he really does not want his party's



THE ROCKEFELLERS GREET THE DUKE & DUCHESS OF WINDSOR  
Out to repair the damage.

tics. Last week the Detroit News, one of Romney's strongest supporters during his 1962 campaign, gave him unsharpened hell in an editorial: "Governor Romney's stature as a public servant who speaks in words without double meanings suffers each day he fails to say flatly that he would not accept the 1964 Republican presidential nomination if it were offered. . . . Romney's procrastination—or, as his critics inevitably will say, his fascination with national publicity—threatens Michigan's best interests. . . . A simple statement that he will not permit his name, whatever the circumstances, to appear on the 1964 national Republican ticket—made now—is what Michigan expects, and has a right to expect from the Governor."

As a Romney already has some presidential support in states with

1964 nomination. In fact, he would really like to quit politics at the end of his term in 1967.

Like Romney, Scranton inherited from a Democratic Governor a bundle of trouble in his state. Since he became Governor, most of his time has been taken up in dealing with unemployment and economic depression. Only last week he managed, contrary to almost all predictions, to push through his state legislature a sales-tax raise from 4% to 5%. So far, his popularity does not seem to have suffered. But raising taxes is not ordinarily considered the best way to get to the White House. Scranton is not well known outside of Pennsylvania, and even if he were to display more presidential ambition than he has, he would still be considered an outsider in the 1964 Republican sweepstakes.

There are several other such out-

siders, most notably Kentucky's Senator Thruston B. Morton and Oregon's Governor Mark Hatfield. But any realistic political estimate must consider them much more likely as vice-presidential nominees than for the top place on the G.O.P. ticket.

Thus, if only by a process of elimination, Arizona's Goldwater moves far toward the front.

**A Real Choice.** Goldwater has plenty going for him—entirely aside from Rockefeller's remarriage and the prob-

lems confronting other G.O.P. possibilities. At 54, with a trim build (6 ft., 185 lbs.), a bronzed face, silver hair and a man's-man personality, he is one of the most attractive politicians in the U.S. today. He has earned for himself a label as Mr. Conservative. Yet at the same time, as a dashing, fast-driving, jet-flying, adventuring, hobby-loving good fellow, he has shattered the shibboleth of the conservative as a starched-collar fuddy-duddy.

In past decades, Republican National

Conventions have refused to nominate presidential candidates from the party's conservative wing. The reason has been that "a conservative can't win." Today, Barry Goldwater is profiting from a realistic admission in Republican circles that any G.O.P. candidate, whether conservative or progressive, is going to have to run uphill against John Kennedy. That being the case, the argument goes, why not give a real conservative a chance for a change? Says Texas Republican Leader Kench: "This is the first time we've ever had a real choice between a conservative and a liberal candidate. Not in my lifetime have I had a chance to vote for a real conservative for President." Says Harry G. Taylor, Macon County (Ill.) Republican chairman: "If the conservatives are ever going to elect anyone, perhaps this is the time to give it a test."

The Republican feeling that the chances of taking over the White House next year are less than fifty-fifty has led to increased party emphasis on electing lesser candidates—Senators, Congressmen, Governors and other state and local officials. Toward this end, Republicans feel that their candidates would be helped by the presence at the top of the ballot of a presidential nominee who is readily identifiable as a "real" Republican. And nobody quite fills that bill as Goldwater does.

So reasoning, Republicans have made Goldwater the top prospect for their 1964 nomination. Last week a regional rundown showed him running ahead everywhere except in Rocky's own Northeast and the Pacific Coast—and even in those areas, Barry was moving up fast.

**Northeast.** In New England, Rocky's forces are shaken. Maine, where the Rockefeller family has summered for years, still likes Rocky. But, says Portland's Fred Scribner, general counsel of the G.O.P. National Committee: "Remarriage will really hurt Rockefeller." In Massachusetts, Harvard Business School Lecturer George Lodge (son of Henry Cabot Lodge Jr.), a liberal Republican says, "I don't at this stage have a candidate." Frederick Dumaine Jr., newly elected Massachusetts G.O.P. chairman, represents Goldwater people. Says Lloyd Waring, a four-time National Convention delegate and an influential Massachusetts Republican: "Goldwater is definitely strengthening. There is a big independent demand for him. I think they're looking for a real other-side-of-the-coin conservative to put up this time. That way they'll settle this liberal-conservative business once and for all." In Vermont, leaders and voters are still for Rocky, but, says G.O.P. State Chairman Theodore Corson: "Goldwater could make it if he gives the go-ahead signal for a real fight."

New Hampshire, whose early-bird March primary makes it one of the most politically significant of the New England states, now appears to favor Goldwater. Similarly, Rhode Island, once a strong Rocky state, has softened.

## SIX QUALITIES THAT MAKE A PRESIDENT

**W**riting his memoirs in the serenity of his little Gettysburg office sits the most influential Republican of them all. There had been reports that Dwight Eisenhower favored, and was quietly promoting, Michigan's Governor George Romney for next year's G.O.P. presidential nomination. But Ike insists that this is not so, that he prefers no one man to another—and that, in any event, he will not try to swing or sway the 1964 Republican convention toward anyone.

This does not mean that Ike is not interested. He is. He makes it clear that Rockefeller, Goldwater, Romney and Scranton are all acceptable to him. He asks about Kentucky's Senator Thruston Morton, Oregon's Governor Mark Hatfield, even the Governor of his old home state, Kansas' John Anderson Jr. His face lights up when a visitor mentions as possibilities such old friends as retired Generals Lucius Clay and Al Gruenther.

Ike feels strongly that any intervention on his part would be an obstacle to "useful debate, serious thought and a sound decision" at the 1964 convention. But, just as deeply, he also feels that any acceptable Republican candidate must live up to certain standards. According to Ike, he must have:

- Self-restraint, a characteristic that exists only through "moral judgment—the difference between telling the truth and lying" and an ability to make decisions on positive grounds without reaching for extreme solutions. Ike believes that extremists are always wrong.
- An understanding of the "qualities which have made this country great—a respect for the freedom of people to work for themselves, their families, their communities; and this with a minimum of interference from government."
- An inner calmness that lets him cut through crisis and make his de-



IKE IN HIS GETTYSBURG OFFICE\*

cisions from a base of mature reflection. Ike likes to cite Napoleon to the effect that the true genius in war is one who can do the average thing when those around him grow hysterical with emotion or fright.

- A strength of decision, so that he will surround himself with "strong men holding strong opinions, not just sycophants."
- Experience, in the sense that he is fully prepared for the crises of the presidency—and no one should confuse "experience" with "endurance." To make his point, Ike recalls the words of Frederick the Great, who once answered a request to promote an officer simply because of his long service by pointing at a pack mule and saying, "That mule has carried that pack loyally and effectively for twelve years. But he's still a mule."
- A strength of character that makes his leadership one of "principle, not expediency—a man who doesn't run away when the going gets tough."

If the Republicans can find a man of these qualities, Ike feels, President Kennedy can be defeated: "With the right ticket and a good campaign, we'll give them an exciting race. A Republican able to create confidence, a candidate able to carry our torch well, would have a fine chance of winning."

\* Five stars, symbolizing his Army rank, are painted on the window.

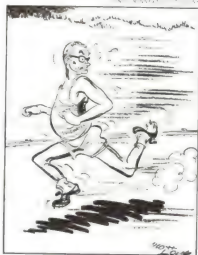
The womenfolk, says National Committeewoman Mary Jackson, simply "don't like" Rocky's remarriage: "Goldwater is out in front." As of now, Rocky could probably still count on New York, plus Connecticut, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland.

**South & Southwest.** This is almost completely Goldwater territory. Says Alabama's 32-year-old State Chairman John Grenier, who masterminded a near upset of veteran Democratic Senator Lister Hill last fall: "I figure Goldwater won't lose 15 [out of about 325] delegate votes in the South. Everything's coming up roses." Adds Grenier: "Even if we wanted someone else, we couldn't go up to the convention and sell out our people. They want Goldwater." Says Oklahoma's Republican Governor Henry Bellmon: "I know personally of perhaps half a dozen people in this state who are for Rockefeller. But I know thousands who are for Goldwater." "The people need a strong hand in Washington," insists Texas Committeewoman Mrs. Charles Gibson, "and I feel that Goldwater will just set us straight."

**Midwest & Mountain States.** As of now, Goldwater probably would get nearly all the convention votes of Utah, Colorado, Montana, Wyoming, Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri, Illinois and Indiana. "This guy," says Barry-Booster Frank Whetstone of Cut Bank, Mont., "can sell—and he can win." In California, former Governor Goodwin J. Knight, a Rockefeller man, admits Goldwater gains over Rockefeller in his state, but insists that Barry "couldn't possibly win." Nonetheless, California has a huge assortment of conservatives—from mild to Birch. They are well organized and gave Richard Nixon a tough fight in the gubernatorial primaries last year. If the delegation goes to the convention uninstructed—as may well happen—California might split its votes down the middle, with half each for Rocky and Goldwater.

**A Matter of Direction.** Being human, and far from a fool, Barry Goldwater is fascinated by what he repeatedly calls "this President thing." He is also a bit baffled by it. "Sure," he says, "the intensity of this President thing has surprised me. I still say that it isn't me, really, as much as it is a deep-seated frustration on the part of Republicans everywhere, and a lot of Democrats too. Among Republicans, it's a feeling that the party has no direction."

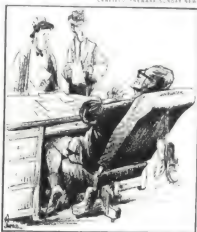
Goldwater could certainly give his party direction—solid, outspoken, conservative direction. For he is nothing if not straightforward about his views. Take, for example, Cuba. The island, says Goldwater, should be quarantined. "We should aid anyone who wants to go in there and let Castro have it—overtly or covertly—and we ought to do all this in conjunction with the Organization of American States. If we did all this, I think we could avoid an invasion. And if it hurts Mr. Khrushchev's feelings, that's just too bad. If



"GOOD HEAVENS!  
I'M OUT IN FRONT!"

the Kremlin should react by heating up Berlin, that's just a risk we have to take. The darn trouble is that this Administration won't take risks. Now I don't mean we have to go to war. I just say the world's strongest nation doesn't have to go around acting like the world's weakest nation."

Then there is tax policy. The graduated income tax, says Goldwater, is wicked: everybody, regardless of income, ought to be taxed an equal percentage: a man earning \$100,000 and one earning \$10,000 would each pay, say, 10%. He insists that advocates of "World Peace through Law" are mere dreamers who would subject their freedoms to the whims of a world court. "It is perfectly conceivable that the world court might go even so far as to declare null and void some sections of the U.S. Constitution." He wants to wipe out all farm subsidies "and let the farmer stand on his own two feet." He wants an end to federal aid to education and to urban-renewal programs; such matters, he says, should be left up to the states.



"WHAT—ME RUN?"

The Episcopal-raised son of a Jewish father and a Protestant mother, Goldwater sincerely believes in equal rights for the individual. He is a former member of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. But he thinks the Federal government should nonetheless keep hands off. "If I were a Negro," he says, "I don't think I would be very patient. I'm opposed to discrimination in any form. But I hold very dear the right of assembly and association. And the issue in the South, you know, is not integration. It's states' rights—they just like to run their own business down there. I don't think it's my right as an Arizonan to come in and tell a Southerner what to do about this thing."

**"Those Guys Around Him."** As for the New Frontier's economic policies, Conservative Goldwater thinks that the business community "doesn't follow the Administration at all. The only business people Kennedy can siphon off to follow him are some of the big businessmen who play both sides of the fence, who are gutless enough that the dollar is more important to them than principle, so that they cuddle up to whoever's in. Now Kennedy himself is a hell of a lot more conservative than those guys around him, but it's another case in which the President can't make up his own mind. So he listens to what they tell him, and in his public utterances he indicates that he believes in Keynes, that he believes the Federal Government can prevent depressions by monkeying with the economy, that Government spending can solve economic problems—all this in the face of fundamental facts which prove that this isn't right, and never was. Why, you can't credit Kennedy and the New Frontier with modern economic thinking—they're reactionaries. These things they're endorsing were tried back in the '30s and failed even then."

The Goldwater approach? "Well, we have to increase capital investment. The immediate need is for 'correction' in the tax code—not cuts. We need even more liberal depreciation allowances, and we need to broaden the tax base so that we can draw what money the Federal Government needs from a wider range and then reduce the tax rates. That would then leave more leeway for local and state governments to tax more, and set up local programs where needed instead of all this federal welfare-state stuff. The whole reason that we are a federal republic is that it was recognized in the Constitution that the powers not specifically granted to the Federal Government remain with the states. Now you can't let the central Government start controlling your economy without having it control the lives and actions of your people—without having it control your freedoms. I just don't believe that the states are so ignorant that they can't fill the needs of the people without the central Government getting into it."

Such sentiments have a fine, straight-

forward ring to them. But there are charges that Goldwater oversimplifies issues, that he has not really thought very profoundly about the practical ways of carrying out the principles which he endorses so strongly. It is the fear that Goldwater, notwithstanding his strong character, does not have the intellectual qualities to become an effective U.S. President that bothers many Republicans far more than his right-wing conservatism. A Western Republican Governor sums up such doubts about Goldwater: "He's got guts, but no depth."

**A Casual Hint.** If that be so, the fact will surely become apparent in the months to come, when Goldwater will be exposed to all the white-hot testing of a leading presidential possibility. In the meanwhile, his attractive personality is enough to carry him forward. Last week Goldwater slipped out to Arizona for a quick round of speaking engagements and a little relaxation at his Phoenix home. He was up and dressed at about 5 a.m. (he keeps fit on four or five hours of sleep a night), watered some of his favorite cactus plants, checked on his beloved gadgets: the waterfall pump was on the frit; so was the electrical gizmo that drops his movie screen from the ceiling. Drifting over to his ham radio set, he put out a CQ call, picked up a fellow ham in Fort Worth and began talking. "It certainly is a pleasure to work with you, Ron . . . The handle here is Barry . . . that's Baker Adam Roger Roger Yankee . . ." The two conversed for a while about inputs and outputs, antennas and split-stator capacitors. Then Barry dropped a casual hint. "I also operate out of Washington, too, Ron . . . Say, before we sign off, I want to do a little business with you . . . There's a bill in the United States Senate that I'm interested in. I want to send you a copy, and if it sounds all right to you, I wish you'd write your Senators and push it." By this time, Ron began to suspect that Baker Adam Roger Roger Yankee was no ordinary ham. Could it be that his last name was Golf Oscar Lima Delta Whiskey Adam Tango Echo Roger? "Say," he said, "would you have anything to do with pushing that bill personally, Barry?" Delighted that Ron had caught on and was properly impressed, Goldwater owned up to his identity, and Ron promised to read the bill. "Well, Ron," said Barry, "it's been mighty good working you. So I'll say the best of 73s [regards]." With that, Barry signed off.

At a G.O.P. gathering in Tucson, Goldwater got caught in a crush of admirers. "We're working and praying for you," gushed one woman. "I hope you'll accept a draft," said a man. At last, he broke away from a little old lady who had been bugging him to repeal the repeal on Prohibition, and drove over to the airport. There Pilot Goldwater, a major general in the Air Force Reserve, piled into a twin-engined Beechcraft Bonanza (one of two small

planes that he owns with his brother), took the controls, said, "Let's see if this thing will fly," gave her the gun. In the air, he decided that the control wheel was stiff, told the plane's regular hired pilot, "Let's get it fixed. Remember now, a new wheel if we have to, but let's get it fixed."

Landing at Phoenix, Barry hopped into his wife's new blue Lincoln Continental, toyed happily with a new gadget that adjusts the outside rear-view mirror from inside, and purred off to his house. (He keeps a Corvette Sting Ray in Washington, is fitting it out with enough gauges and gadgets to make it look like Faith 7). In the evening, he was off again to address R.O.T.C. students at



GOLDWATER AT HAM RADIO SET  
The handle here is Barry.

nearby Arizona State University, gave them a talk about freedom and the necessity of manned aircraft in the space age, went home again to sip bourbon and water and fiddle with his ham rig. Soon he was talking up his pet Senate bills to two hams in the Pacific's Marshall Islands. When a house guest went off to bed at 2 a.m., Barry and his son Mike, 23, were fiddling with a new kind of stereo tape cartridge. Barry's dinner was still untouched.

**Tom & Harry.** He spoke at lunch next day to patrons of the Phoenix Neurological Institute, rapped the Kennedy Administration, adding "The more I think about it the more I think Harry Truman will go down in history as one of the greater Presidents." Off to the airport soon afterward, Barry flew his Bonanza to a commencement address at the New Mexico Military Institute in Roswell. This time the subject was again patriotism and conservatism, with a

Democrat Truman's response: "That's awfully nice of him. I never had any argument with Goldwater. I think he is honestly trying to do a good job. And I thought that before he said those nice things about me."

generous portion of praise for an old Democrat named Thomas Jefferson. Afterward, the crowds of parents and graduates swarmed to him for a handshake. Said one untanned rancher to his wife: "You know, he even looks like Thomas Jefferson!"

Minutes later, the Senator was at the controls of a trim twin-jet Air Force T-39 cabin job, climbed to 45,000 ft., and headed for Washington. Reluctantly, he gave the stick to his copilot and took a seat in the cabin to chat with a newsmen about "this President thing."

**Watch the Ball.** "I'm just watching the ball bounce," he said. "I'm just going to sit around and see what happens. It's far too early for anyone in his right political mind to decide to really go for it. This sense of frustration which makes people talk about me is something that's constantly on my mind. But there are a lot of things I have to consider. I don't want my political life cut short—I'm too old to go back to business now. But then I have to face the question of whether I'm letting down conservatives, particularly the young people."

"You have to consider the effect it could have on the conservative cause. Now nobody from a state as small as Arizona is ever going to get the nomination. I just don't think it's in the political cards. So what if I try and can't get it? What kind of slap in the face is that—not to me, but to conservatism? Or suppose I get in and then get the living hell beaten out of me by Kennedy? What would that do to conservatism? It would hurt it—it might even kill it. But if after looking it over I figured that I could make it a real horse race, then that's something else again. If I could come within 5% of a majority, that would be really a victory for conservatism even if we lost. It would enhance conservatism, and make the Kennedys take in their sails."

**That Old Feeling.** "But what about timeliness? Is '64 the conservative year, or would '68 be better? I think '68 might be the year, but it's too early to say yet. Even if I wanted it, now would be the wrong time to show that. The minute it becomes clear that a man is trying to get the nomination, he's a prime target for all his enemies. Being in the Senate, I'd be a sitting duck for everyone who didn't like me or who wants to hurt conservatism. And there are even Republicans who would go after me."

"Another thing that has to be figured out is how strong is the old feeling among the party pros that a conservative can't win? I haven't had any contact with the party pros from the big states like New York and Pennsylvania. I know I wouldn't be strong in the East or on the Pacific Coast. But this surge for conservatism is running strong in the South and in the Rocky Mountain West and some parts of the Middle West. But the big-money boys in the party don't want any part of me, and they don't want any part of the kind of amateur groups that are growing up for me. Now, historically, the Eastern fat cats have been

able to move in and head off the nomination of a conservative candidate on the grounds that he couldn't win. A lot of people think they don't have that much power any more, but I don't know yet how strong they are.

"I've never believed in presidential primaries—people don't win nominations that way. Jack Kennedy was an exception. But if somebody sticks my name in a primary, depending on how it comes out, I might at least give tacit approval to a movement for me if there was a good showing to start with."

**A Lonesome Deal, A draft, perhaps?** "Well, if the convention comes after you, you've got to take it. But I don't think people get drafted in politics. If it appears that I'm drafted, some time between now and then I will have made up my mind to do it. When I do, it will be a lonesome deal—something I'll have to determine for myself, by myself."

As the plane approached Washington's Andrews Air Force Base, Barry Goldwater again took over the controls. The ceiling was low, and it was raining. Pilot Goldwater made a blind ground-controlled approach, broke out of the overcast right off the end of the runway, and in fine, effortless style touched his wheels gently to the concrete. There were reading and writing to do at his apartment, and some hobbies to pursue, and a good deal of thinking about "this President thing."

## THE WEST

### Battle of the Colorado

What the Nile is to Egypt, the Colorado is to the Great American Desert. Without the waters of the mighty Colorado, fifth longest of U.S. rivers, prosperous cities and fertile farms would wither and be layered over with wind-blown sand. Long before white men invaded the desert, Indian tribes constructed elaborate canals to irrigate their fields with Colorado River water. Today, by way of a vast system of aqueducts, canals and tunnels, the Colorado quenches the megalopolis thirst of Los Angeles and keeps a million acres of Southern California farm land green in what used to be an arid wasteland.

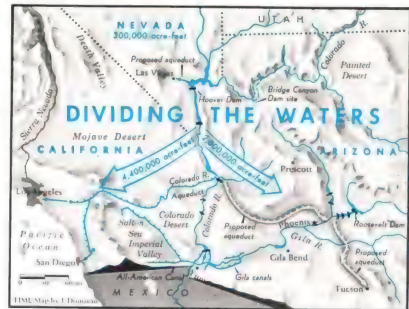
In 26,242 Pages. Along its lower reaches, the Colorado forms the boundary between California and Arizona, and since the early 1920s the two states have been quarrelling over the division of the waters. The dispute almost came to Wild West gunplay in 1934, when the Governor of Arizona sent state militiamen up the river on a scow to halt work on a dam that was being constructed to divert water to Los Angeles. Three times in the 1930s, Arizona unsuccessfully brought suit against California in the U.S. Supreme Court. In 1952 Arizona sued again. The Supreme Court assigned Simon H. Rifkind, New York lawyer and former federal district judge, to assemble facts and shape a recommendation. Rifkind held a marathon trial in 1956-58, gathered testimony from 340 witnesses, accumulated a

transcript of 26,242 pages, and eventually, in early 1961, submitted to the Supreme Court a 433-page report.

Last week, having taken another two years to puzzle over Rifkind's tome, the Supreme Court handed down a decision that largely affirmed his conclusions. In essence, the court upheld Arizona's claims and knocked down California's.

**The Main-Stream Question.** In 1928's Boulder Canyon Project Act, authorizing the Hoover Dam system on the Colorado, Congress settled on water quotas for the states involved. Assuming the normal flow of the lower Colorado to be 7.5 million acre-feet per year,\* Congress assigned 4.4 million to California, 2.8 million to Arizona, 300-

thousand to Nevada. Any flow in excess of 7.5 million was to be divided equally between California and Arizona. The essential question was whether the 1928 formula applied only to the main stream of the river, as Arizona contended, or to the main stream plus the tributaries, as California claimed. California's interpretation, unsurprisingly, would work greatly to California's advantage. Not a single river in California flows into the Colorado, but virtually the entire state of Arizona lies within the Colorado River Basin. If all of Arizona's streams and rivers that feed into the Colorado were included in the waters to be divided up between the two states, Arizona would be entitled to a lot less water from the main stream and California could take a lot more—a million acre-feet more by the Supreme Court's reckoning.



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**On the Rocks.** The court's ruling cast a smog of gloom upon California. The state is currently using more than 5,000,000 acre-feet a year from the Colorado, and water needs are increasing relentlessly, so the 4.4 million quota seemed disarmingly skimpy. "If you order Scotch on the rocks in 1972," said Attorney General Stanley Mosk, "it may be really on the rocks."

California, however, faces no immediate water shortage as a result of the decision. Arizona uses only about half of its 2.8 million quota, and California can go on swallowing Arizona's unused share of the river. In the decade or more that it will take Arizona to acquire facilities for diverting its full quota, California will have had time to complete the \$1.7 billion Feather River project for bringing water from northern California to the arid south.

\* An acre-foot is the quantity of water it would take to cover a flat one-acre surface to a depth of one foot—325,851 gallons.

# THE WORLD

## GREAT BRITAIN

### The Price of Christine

WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON IN THIS COUNTRY? shouted the Daily Mirror. As if anyone didn't know. What went on was just the kind of story on which the Mirror thrives. Although it had started out merely as vengence in high (and several low) places, it grew into a major scandal that not only smashed the career of a promising Tory politician, but also raised some troubling questions about British security and rocked the Macmillan government. Otherwise, it read like *La Dolce Vita*. Anglo-Saxon style.

The story first emerged partially last March, when its leading characters became publicly identified: red-haired Christine Keeler, who came from Middlesex to sling hash at 17, and at 21 was the West End's most-called girl; John Profumo, 48, the able War Minister and man-about-Mayfair, whose virile charm proved something of a Tory asset after those homosexual spy scandals; and Dr. Stephen Ward, 43, a socialite osteopath (and son of the Anglican canon of Rochester Cathedral), who said he liked helping attractive girls of humble birth adapt to "the needs and stresses of modern living."

After months of rumor, a Labor M.P. challenged the government to deny the rumors of a minister's indiscretions with Christine. Profumo's firm denial of wrongdoing, and a demonstration of support from Prime Minister Macmillan, quashed the story temporarily—until it burst forth again last week. This time Profumo resigned from the government after an abrupt, abject confession that he had previously lied to

the Prime Minister, his colleagues and the House of Commons.

**Coexistence.** Of noble Italian descent, John Dennis Profumo had every qualification to reach the Tories' top ranks: Harrow and Oxford, fine war record, brains, drive, and a beautiful wife, Movie Actress Valerie (*Great Expectations*) Hobson. Together, the Profumos were weekending at Cliveden, famed country estate of Lord and Lady Astor, when they were introduced to Christine in 1961. Also present: Stephen Ward, who had a cottage on the place. Thereafter, Valerie stayed home while Jack visited Christine at Ward's flat in Wimpole Mews. What the War Minister never knew was that Christine had another regular visitor, Evgeny Ivanov, who was a Soviet naval attaché in London. A round-eyed observer of their coexistence was Nymphet Marilyn ("Mandy") Rice-Davies, a well-developed 16-year-old, who was one of Christine's intimates. "The farcical thing about it all," as Mandy told the press, "was that, on more than one occasion, as Jack left Christine at the flat, Ivanov walked in."

It possibly seemed less hilarious to British MI-5 intelligence agents, who were shadowing Ivanov at the time, to find that their War Minister was un-

wittingly sharing a bed with a suspected Soviet spy.

Though they tried not to be seen in public, Profumo sometimes took Christine for drives, she later recalled. "He showed me the War Office, where he worked. He even showed me Downing Street." But in time Profumo stopped seeing Christine because, she explained, he was "scared it would ruin his career." Comrade Ivanov was shipped off to Moscow, and the "model" from Middlesex, who had acquired a taste for jazz on the way up, hit the blues belt and acquired a Jamaican lover named Johnnie Edgecombe. But he could never understand what her telephone was for. "He seemed to think," Christine complained later, "that I was going to live with him forever." One day, Johnnie showed up with a gun and fired several bullets into the door before the bobbies bagged him.

**Multiracialism.** After Johnnie went to jail, there was another West Indian lover, Aloysius "Lucky" Gordon, who, if anything, was even more narrow-minded. In April he beat her up. Last week, at his trial for assault, Aloysius was so ungallant as to testify that he had kept her supplied with marijuana, while all she gave him in return was VD. "You can say this for Christine," said a leading Labor politician. "At least she's multiracial."

The scandal might have died, had it not been resurrected by Stephen Ward himself. Seven weeks after Profumo's denial, he told the Prime Minister's private secretary that the War Minister had lied in Commons, that he had indeed had an affair with Christine Keeler. Ward repeated his charges in letters



CHRISTINE KEELER



MACMILLAN ON VACATION



IVANOV & WIFE

Three on a seesaw.



JACK & VALERIE



STEPHEN WARD



THE WIMPOLE MEWS FLAT



MARILYN RICE-DAVIES

to Home Secretary Henry Brooke and Labor Party Leader Harold Wilson. Profumo was confronted with this new accusation, but it was not until last week that he startled Tory officials by blurring the truth about Christine. In a letter to the vacationing Prime Minister, Profumo resigned as War Minister and as M.P. for Stratford-on-Avon, confessing his "grave misdemeanor." Said he: "I cannot tell you of my deep remorse." Macmillan accepted his resignation, describing the affair as "a great tragedy." Then Profumo and his wife left their Regent's Park home and disappeared into the country.

**Dilemma.** The scandal he left behind got livelier every day. Christine Keeler, who was back from a Continental holiday and suddenly sported a "business manager" and a new Rolls-Royce, added more off-color to the saga by telling and selling her story to the papers. "I was very fond of Jack," she said wistfully. "If ever we meet again, we have at least this in common—both our careers have been ruined." Mandy chimed in with details of the high living that had earned her a Jaguar, mink and diamonds by her 17th birthday. At one dinner party, she recalled, "a naked man wearing a mask waited on table like a slave. He had to have a mask because he was so well known."

Meanwhile Stephen Ward's explanations filled the newspapers and TV screens. The affair, he protested, had given rise to "a whole train of rumors, and all sorts of people were mentioned, with the implication that I'd been trying to procure them for Miss Keeler." Despite his subsequent attempt to protect Profumo and the government, said Ward, he had reported Profumo's liaison to British intelligence when it was at its height in 1961. Said he: "I've almost had a nervous breakdown. It's a terrible dilemma. One didn't want to bitch up anybody. You owe it to your friends. But I must clear myself."

For the immediate future, Stephen Ward will do his explaining in court. At week's end Scotland Yard plucked the osteopath from his white Jaguar sports car and jailed him on charges of violating Britain's Sexual Offenses Act by "living wholly or in part on the earnings of prostitution."

**Unrest.** As a matter of political tactics, the Labor Party decided to treat the Profumo affair not so much as a moral indictment of uppercrust Britain but rather as another flagrant example of the erratic workings of Britain's security system. If, argued Laborites, British intelligence had known all along that Britain's War Minister had shared a call girl with a Soviet agent, why was nothing done to break up a liaison that might expose him to Russian blackmail? Was Macmillan told? If so, had the government encouraged Profumo to lie about his dalliance with Christine Keeler solely in order to avert a damaging scandal?

Unflappable Harold Macmillan, who did not allow last week's events to interrupt his golfing vacation, will be able to present the government's case when Parliament reconvenes next week. He may yet, as in the past, confound his critics in Commons. But the affair may seriously affect the Tories' already shaky chances at the next elections, which Macmillan will now probably try to delay. Said Tory Backbencher Lord Lambton: "The harm this will do to the Conservative Party will be enormous. There has been for some time a general feeling of unrest in this country as to the morality of the present government. This feeling will be immensely increased."

## THE ALLIES

### Three on a Horse

Top British defense officials listened politely in London last week while a U.S. Navy task force argued the merits of a missile-firing surface fleet manned by mixed NATO crews. The Britons' real feelings toward the multilateral force (MLF) were best expressed in a sardonic limerick that made the rounds of Whitehall:

*Hooray for the Multimixed Force,  
German, British and Yankee, of  
course!*

*Each produces a knight,  
And the plan is to fight—  
Or deter—with all three on one  
horse.*

Behind U.S. efforts to sell MLF was the ill-concealed fact that military Washington does not really believe in

it either. Privately the Pentagon considers it at best a gimmick to postpone "proliferation" of independent nuclear forces to other nations, which it wants at all costs to prevent or delay.

**"Monstrous Nonsense."** Charged with the halfhearted mission of winning British support for the \$5 billion MLF was Admiral Claude Ricketts, U.S. deputy chief of naval operations, who has doubled of late as the Pentagon's Multimixmaster. Strategically, he argued, a force of 25 Polaris vessels cruising Europe's shallow coastal waters could not easily be destroyed by Soviet submarines or aircraft. Said Ricketts: "Each additional weapons system enhances the credibility of other systems." But R.A.F. Marshal Sir John Slessor called it "monstrous military nonsense," and many other British defense officials agreed.

The State Department's main justification for MLF is not military but political. It is aimed primarily at satisfying West Germany's demand for an equal voice with Britain and France in NATO's nuclear councils, and the Germans are already pledged to match the U.S.'s offer to shoulder 40% of the cost. Without British backing, however, MLF will never get off the drawing board; the U.S. is not willing to share the financial and political responsibility with Germany alone.

But the British, who are already committed to building a \$1 billion Polaris submarine fleet by 1970, reply that they cannot afford to pour more money into anything as theoretical as MLF. Europe's most telling objection to the project is that even if the allies did chip in, ultimate control of its weapons would still rest with the U.S.

**Who Needs It?** The Kennedy Administration hopes nonetheless to win British as well as German support for the force. "We certainly don't need it," explained a high-ranking Administration official last week, "nor do the Europeans. But if it satisfies them, I think it is worth pursuing. If it doesn't, well, at least we made the offer."

All this merely obscured what ought to be the real U.S. policy: 1) an independent nuclear force for a truly united Europe; 2) full U.S. responsibility for the defense of Europe until that goal is achieved.

## AUSTRIA

### Herr Doktor

He is short, balding and middle-aged. He has a wife and six children and lives in a sprawling suburban house outside Munich. He is a lecturer and journalist who wrote his doctoral thesis in social science on agriculture in the Tyrol. But when the way was legally cleared for his return to his homeland for the first time in 44 years, Austria's long-established coalition government trembled last week. For the mustached Herr Doktor is Franz Joseph Otto Ruprecht Maria Anton Karl Maximilian Heinrich Sixtus



CROWN PRINCE OTTO WITH ZITA (1916) & LECTURING (1960)  
*Mother curtsied, but not the Socialists.*

Xaver Felix Renatus Ludwig Gaetan Pius Ignaz, Archduke Otto von Habsburg, pretender to the Austrian throne.

Socialist leaders called Otto's projected return a "provocation" that threatened Austria's precarious neutral position as a buffer between East and West. Electrical workers went on a wildcat strike, plunging one Vienna district into darkness. Left-wing papers roared against "foreign and domestic reactionaries," and Socialist political bosses threatened to pull out of their coalition with the conservative People's Party.

**Industrious Ants.** Otto was five when Austria rebelled against the Habsburg monarchy and overthrew his father, Emperor Karl, in the aftermath of World War I. The new republican government exiled the royal family and passed a "Habsburg Law," which banned their return to Austrian soil until they renounced all claims to the throne and formally embraced the democratic constitution. Karl regally refused, and after his death in 1922 the royal family settled in Spain, where the Empress Zita set up a modest court.

Zita insisted that Otto be accorded the full privileges of his rank, rose and curtsied when he entered a room, and called him "Your Imperial Highness." A thoughtful, scholarly youth, Otto studied at Belgium's Louvain Univer-

sity, by his serious demeanor stood off phalanxes of eligible European princesses. When one young, attractive Hungarian countess came to pay homage, Otto strolled silently with her for some minutes in his garden until he suddenly asked: "Have you ever thought how industrious ants are?"

Finally in 1951, at 38, he married Germany's Princess Regina of Saxe-Meiningen. Settling outside Munich in the village of Pöcking, Otto traveled often to Spain, where he was honorary president of the Franco-backed European Documentation and Information Center, an organization founded in 1952



to bring politically isolated Spain into closer relations with the rest of Europe. His membership in this society and his friendship with Franco convinced Austrian Socialists that his ultimate aim was the re-establishment of an autocratic monarchy in Austria.

**"The Idea Matters."** In his writing and lectures, Otto sounded far from autocratic, sought to define "monarchy's place in the atomic age." Said he: "The new form of monarchy might well be elective—from the judiciary, perhaps. Its primary duty would be the maintenance of the rule of law. It is the idea that matters, not the people who once were kings." But Otto had little sympathy with the leveling influences of socialism. "We have arrived at a bureaucracy of welfare and insurance against everything, which may well turn reason into nonsense," he wrote. "There is a danger of a new caste arising out of a classless society—those in power."

Two years ago, Otto suddenly announced his willingness to abide by the provisions of the Habsburg Law and sought to re-enter Austria. But Austria's coalition government, balanced between the 81 parliamentary seats held by the conservative People's Party and the 76 seats held by the Socialists, refused to act on the petition in the face of vehement Socialist protests that Ot-

to's political ideas were "fantastic" and that his declaration of loyalty was inadequate. Otto's attorney took the case to the Administrative Court, which fortnight ago upheld the legality of his declaration over the government's rejection.

**Pushbutton.** The People's Party, while far from eager to see Otto back home, was willing to abide by the court ruling. Not so the Socialists. "This court has replaced the parliamentary organ," said Socialist Foreign Minister Bruno Kreisky. Socialist leaders hinted a nationwide rail and electrical strike if Otto tried to cross the border into Austria. "All we have to do," said Kreisky, "is push a button."

In Parliament, the Socialists joined with the eight-man delegation of the splinter right-wing Liberal Party and forced a resolution demanding that the government prepare a bill that could return ultimate judgment on all Habsburg Law cases to Parliament. The Liberals lent their support to the Socialists, however, only on the condition that the bill not be retroactive and that Otto would not be barred from returning home.

The crisis imperiled the 18-year coalition between the People's Party and the Socialists, who kept threatening to freeze out their old partners by forming a new coalition with the Liberals. Even if the old coalition survives, the betting was that enough trouble had been stirred up to require new national elections soon. While most Austrians retain mellow feelings toward the Habsburgs, they would just as soon not be bothered by Otto's problem. "Why should we go back to where we finished 40 years ago?" asked Helmut Qualtinger, famed Vienna cabaret satirist. "I think that as a matter of taste, Otto would not want to come back—not if he loves his country."

## IRAN

### Progress at a Price

For three days last week, Teheran was a battleground: crowds shrieked, machine guns chattered, and smoke from smoldering rubble mixed with clouds of tear gas. Ironically, it was a battle against progress.

That most unusual, reform-minded monarch, Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi has long struggled to turn his shaky, feudal nation into a modern, stable state. The opposition is formidable. Corrupt bureaucrats and operators are determined to preserve *pishkash* (a bribe) as a way of life. Big landlords try to sabotage the Shah's ambitious land reform drive; they even opposed his intention to eliminate the word "serf" from the Iranian language (to be replaced by "farmer"). Moslem mullahs (priests) condemn as heretical his plans to give women the vote, and more bit-

Also unsettled is the question of the Habsburg fortune in Austria, which amounts to some \$30 million, mostly in estates. The lands are now held in trusteeship by the Austrian Republic.

terly, preach from their pulpits against land reform, since it would deprive them of 10,000 income-producing "shrine villages," which the Shah wants to lease to landless sharecroppers.

**Burning Bazaar.** It was the mullahs who triggered last week's trouble. They timed their plans to coincide with the Muharram holy days. As the faithful jammed the mosques, the mullahs assailed "illegal" Cabinet decisions, urged their followers to "protect your religion." Small-scale riots quickly broke out in the clerical capital of Qum, led by Ayatullah (troughly, cardinal) Rouhollah Khomeini, and in several other cities. Police struck back, arrested Khomeini and some 15 other ringleaders. With that, both sides declared open war, and the battle was on.

Screaming "Down with the Shah," 10,000 barefoot, black-shirted Moslems, joined by thousands of armed toughs for hire, swept through the capital, carrying pictures of Khomeini. Though the whereabouts of the Shah was kept secret, rows of white-helmeted troops, backed by tanks, immediately sealed off access to royal palaces in the city and suburbs. In the heart of town, green soldiers with itchy trigger fingers held their fire for 40 minutes. Finally, when the mobs, using young boys as shields, surged toward the radio station and other key government buildings, the troops opened up at point-blank range. The crowd fell back in confusion, regrouped, and raced down main avenues. Armed with clubs, rocks and torches, they demolished stores, set fire to trees. Teheran's ancient bazaar went up in flames. The mob beat up every well-dressed man unlucky enough to be on the street, attacked unveiled women. One was yanked from her automobile by the zealots, forced to undress, then was pummeled to death.



BUDDHIST PROCESSION IN SAIGON  
A battle for Gautama's birthday.

**Closed Cemetery.** Nearly 7,000 troops were called out to restore uneasy peace in Teheran; by then damage was estimated in the millions, at least 1,000 were injured, and the officially reported death toll was 86. It was undoubtedly higher, but since the public cemetery was closed and under heavy guard to prevent further clashes at the gravesides, the real number remained unknown. For the first time in a decade, martial law was imposed on the city, along with a dusk-to-dawn curfew. Hoping to preserve quiet for a while, Premier Assadollah Alam also announced that troops would remain on emergency duty. Their orders: shoot to kill.

At week's end the Shah emerged from safety, promptly resumed handing out property deeds to landless peasants. "We will not retreat one millimeter," he told 12,000 new landowners in a ceremony at Hamadan, 175 miles west of Teheran. The riots, he said, were "shameful for a civilized society and a crime against humanity." Mullahs, however, remained defiant. Handwritten notices blossomed on walls in Qum promising that any Moslem who cut off the ears or nose of a policeman would go to heaven; the killing of a policeman would bring Allah's immediate forgiveness of sin.

## SOUTH VIET NAM

### The Religious Crisis

A dusk-to-dawn curfew emptied the streets of the ancient Vietnamese capital of Hue, 400 miles north of Saigon. Riot police and armored personnel carriers patrolled the dark and deserted city. Roadblocks were set up on the outskirts, and barbed-wire barricades encircled the sacred Tudam Pagoda. These government security measures were not a precaution against an attack by Communist guerrillas; they were taken to quell demonstrations by Hue's Buddhist population against the regime of Roman Catholic President Ngo Dinh

Diem. While all the world's attention was focused on South Viet Nam's bitter struggle against the Reds, the country was divided by a religious conflict that might imperil the entire course of the war against the Viet Cong.

**Morality Crusade.** South Viet Nam's Buddhists, who comprise 80% of the country's 15 million people, are bitter over alleged favoritism by Diem and his Catholic ruling family toward the nation's 1,500,000 Catholics. The Buddhists have long complained that the government gives Catholics the best civil service jobs and that Diem, because he feels that Catholics are more solidly anti-Communist, promotes them to higher positions in the army. Many young Vietnamese army officers, claim Buddhist leaders, have become converts to Catholicism to win official favor. "But if the Viet Cong ever come through the barbed wire," said one U.S. officer of his recently converted Vietnamese counterpart, "I have a feeling he'll do his praying to Buddha."

Buddhists feel that Diem's government is trying to make Catholicism the official state religion, point to the morality crusade of Diem's militantly Catholic sister-in-law, Mme. Ngo Dinh Nhu. In sharp variance with the easy social mores of most South Vietnamese, Mme. Nhu has banned abortion, adultery, polygamy, concubinage, divorce (except by presidential dispensation), and the sale of contraceptives.

Diem indignantly replied that Buddhist leaders are "damned fools" to think that he is trying to suppress their religion. "I don't forget," he says, "that 80% of the votes that elected me President were Buddhist votes." Catholics maintain that they occupy so many influential posts only because their church schools turn out far better educated graduates than Buddhist schools. In a sharply worded statement, Mme. Nhu challenged the good faith of striking bonzes (monks). "The robe does not make the bonze," said Mme. Nhu. "It



MOSLEM RIOTERS IN TEHERAN  
An ear for the love of Allah.



U.N. OBSERVATION POST ON ISRAELI-SYRIAN FRONTIER  
Preserving not peace but a kind of frozen war.

is necessary to examine very closely the comportment of certain so-called Buddhist monks who continue to make not only inconsiderate but false remarks and overtly assume an attitude incompatible with their presumed state of holy men."

**Protest Strike.** The situation came to a head last month in Hué (pop. 106,000), which happens to be the see of Diem's brother, Archbishop Ngo Dinh Thuc. Though Catholics were allowed to fly Vatican flags at a church celebration honoring Archbishop Thuc, three days later the government forbade the Buddhists to unfurl their religious flags for the 2,507th birthday of Gautama Buddha. When the Buddhists staged a protest march against the edict, government armored cars fired over the heads of the rioters. In the melee, nine people were killed. The Buddhists blamed the slaughter on Diem's troops; the government blamed the killings on Communist agitators.

The Hué disaster caused Buddhist demonstrations throughout the country. Buddhist delegations in Saigon demanded the removal of restrictions on their faith, equal job opportunities and indemnity for the families of the dead and wounded in Hué. Instead, the government arrested demonstrators, blamed the unrest on "liars, foreigners and the Viet Cong." When another Buddhist crowd gathered in Hué last week, troops dispersed it with crude tear-gas bombs that sent 67 people to the hospital with chemical burns.

U.S. officials in Saigon fear that the mounting religious strife can only benefit the Viet Cong by dividing the people and the predominantly Buddhist army just as the government forces are beginning to gain a military advantage over the Reds. Diem made some conciliatory gestures; but with the situation fast deteriorating, they might prove not to be enough. He ordered the removal of the barricades in Hué and in a nationwide radio broadcast admitted that some of his aides had not shown "sufficient understanding and sensitivity" in dealing with the crisis.

## UNITED NATIONS

### The Longest Truce

As the General Assembly this week continues debating Russia's refusal to pay its share of peace-keeping costs, one of the policing operations at issue marks a memorable anniversary. Fifteen years ago, the U.N. arranged its first cease-fire in the Arab-Jewish Palestine War. Today the U.N. is still there. Like U.N. missions in Korea and in the Congo, the Palestine operation has taken quasi-permanent root, preserving not peace but a kind of frozen war.

**Talking with Guns.** Along Israel's 600 miles of frontier with its hostile neighbors of Egypt, Syria, Jordan and Lebanon, there are still great stretches of no man's land. From foxholes and trenches now well ensconced in olive groves, Jew and Arab stare bitterly at one another, firing on anything that moves. Would-be infiltrators cause few diplomatic headaches, a U.N. mediator wryly explains, because "we simply repatriate the corpses." Bisecting the city of Jerusalem is a grim buffer zone of tangled barbed wire and antitank dragon's feet, flanked by concrete pillboxes and rusting "DANGER" signs.

More than 10,000 lives have been lost in the Arab-Israeli conflict, and sporadic shooting continues, with about 15 incidents reported each month. But always the tense armistice is restored. Last week, near the Sea of Galilee, Syrian border guards opened fire on two Israeli farms. Speedily, U.N. headquarters protested to Damascus and snuffed out the trouble. Says a U.N. aide: "The belligerents speak to each other only through guns or through us."

**Star & Wall.** In addition to policing the borders, the U.N. must also feed, clothe and house or educate 1,075,000 Palestine Arab refugees crowded into the 25-mile-long Gaza Strip separating Israel and Egypt and neighboring Arab countries. In all, 18,740 U.N. personnel from a dozen countries are engaged in the area, and the operation now costs more than \$60 million annually. Strung out in two-man teams in remote posts

for 15 days at a stretch, the observers face daily risks, plus a bewildering variety of complaints.

Jordan recently protested furiously when Israel hoisted a Goliath-sized, illuminated Star of David on Jerusalem's demilitarized Mount Scopus: Israelis complain that, under the armistice, they should not be barred from Arab Jerusalem's historic Wailing Wall. At last count, the backlog of unsettled disputes totaled a staggering 37,340. One of the few Arab-Israeli compromises: agreement to let a lonely Roman Catholic Trappist monk, one Father Marcel, continue cultivating his vineyards in the no man's land near Tel Aviv.

**Bull in Charge.** Assigned for two-year hitch, U.N. soldiers rarely volunteer for more. Recently Palestine's fourth Chief of Staff of the U.N. Truce Supervision Organization, General Carl von Horn of Sweden, pulled out, roundly accused by the Israelis of being pro-Arab. Into Jerusalem last week to succeed him flew a Norwegian air force general with the head-snapping name of Odd Bull ("Odd is a very common Norwegian surname, and Bull is a very old Anglo-Saxon family name"). Bull, who led a U.N. observer team in Lebanon in 1958, seemed to be heading into renewed crisis.

Most immediate threat to the truce is Israel's projected plan to start diverting Jordanian waters from the Sea of Galilee next year. Arabs have long threatened to fight the minute Israel opens the taps. On the other hand, Israel has threatened to march into Jordan if King Hussein succumbs to a Nasser take-over. Asked how long the U.N. might have to stay, a veteran U.N. observer shrugged and said: "Fifteen more years—or 50."

Von Horn's next assignment: to head a new 200-man U.N. peace-keeping force in Yemen, designed to get Egypt and Saudi Arabia out of the Yemeni civil war. No sooner had Secretary-General U. Thant announced the project than the Soviet Union called for a Security Council meeting this week, in an evident attempt to bring the Yemeni mission within range of the Russian veto.



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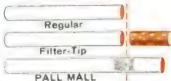
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## AFRICA

### Third Largest

Although Africa is full of talk about mergers and federations of new nations, often the unity schemes are no more firm than maps drawn in the sand. But in Kenya last week, a serious, sensible and long-considered plan took shape. In Nairobi, newly elected Prime Minister Jomo Kenyatta presided over a meeting of his neighbors. On one side sat Uganda's Prime Minister Milton Apollo Obote, grinning cheerfully beneath his toothbrush mustache; on the other, Tanganyika's high-spirited President Julius Nyerere. Present as an observer: Somalia's Foreign Minister Abdullahi Issa. From three hours of talk emerged the decision to work for a federation of Kenya, Uganda, Tanganyika and Zanzibar, with Somalia, Rwanda and Burundi also invited.

"We have a common history, culture and customs which make our unity both logical and natural," declared Kenyatta, thereby seeming to refute old charges that he was parochially interested only in pushing the fortunes of his Kikuyu tribe, the most numerous in Kenya. "We reject tribalism, racialism or inward-looking policies." The East African Federation, which may be launched when Kenya gains full independence, probably later this year, could eventually become a nation of 25 million people, the third largest in Africa. There is no clear notion yet as to who will run the federation or how tight it will be, but a joint committee will spend the next two months drafting a program for joint economic planning, the establishment of common defense, foreign and diplomatic representation, and a central bank. Federation, said the three leaders, will create "a formidable force and a vast market."

Among many critical problems facing the proposed federation are Kenya's occasionally bloody dispute with Somalia, probable opposition from Buganda's Frederick Mutesa II ("King Freddie"), and resistance from Kenya's 55,000 remaining European settlers, who may be apprehensive of submergence in even more millions of Africans. But the federation scheme was off to a remarkably resolute start. When a newsmen in Nairobi complimented President Nyerere on how quickly the plan had been launched, Nyerere smiled broadly. "What do you mean, quick?" said he. "This is something we've been thinking about for 40 years."

### TOURISTS

#### Business & Pleasure

On the road last week:

► Bearded Beatnik Poet Allen (Howl) Ginsberg came briefly to rest in South Viet Nam, to investigate the crisis between the government and the rebellious Buddhists (see South Viet Nam). The saffron-robed monks at first



thought Ginsberg either a "spy or madman" but after attending a poetry reading one enthusiastic monk told him: "You are an enlightened one. Maybe all the people in the world are asleep except you. You are awake." Awakened, Ginsberg almost immediately left South Viet Nam, commenting, "This place depresses me."

► Guinea's President Sékou Touré, on the way home from the Pan-African summit conference in Addis Ababa, stopped off in Tanganyika. Arriving 20 minutes early for a private dinner at Arusha's plush Safari hotel at the foot of cloud-capped Mount Meru, Touré seemed miffed because 1) European and African guests quietly relaxing in the lobby did not "stand as a mark of respect to him," 2) the hotel was not decorated by either flowers or the national flags of Tanganyika and Guinea. After the Touré party stalked out, the Tanganyikan government closed down the hotel, evicting its 28 guests. Explained an African official: "We are very sensitive to no appreciation of our dignity."

► Moise Tshombe, president of Katanga, hastily left his capital of Elisabethville when central government authorities picked up several valises full of his personal papers, which had been cached in the apartment of a Belgian called Mr. Christian. Among the items prompting Tshombe's sudden search for a healthier climate: documents indicating that he has funds tucked away in 15 banks in 13 countries ranging from Switzerland to the U.S. to Burundi. ► Rada Adzhubei, 34, blonde, plump daughter of Nikita Khrushchev and wife of Izvestia's editor, turned up in Cairo as guest of Hoda, 16-year-old

daughter of Egypt's President Gamal Abdel Nasser. Rada told newsmen: "My father is in very good health and has no intention of resigning." Rada also explained that, because Communist ideology does not discriminate between the sexes, "the day is not far off when we will send a woman to the moon."

## FRANCE

### Warrior's Rest

For all his preoccupation with building the New France, *le grand Charles* is also his country's *grand liseur*, whose voracious reading takes up at least two hours of each day. On rising, De Gaulle skims through the morning press, after lunch he peruses *Le Monde*, then he snatches a few chapters from a book. Evenings, De Gaulle relaxes in a bedroom chair with more books.

Inundated by gift copies, De Gaulle leafs through every volume sent him, reads with care those that seem promising. Afterward he writes personal notes in longhand to the author, length and warmth depending on his opinion of the work (one of his highest compliments: "I congratulate myself for having read your book"). In recent months De Gaulle has polished off, among others, François d'Harcourt's *L'Asie, Réveil d'un Monde*, dealing with the diversity of Asian cultures; Edouard Sablier's *De l'Oural à l'Atlantique*, a dissertation on Communist penetration; *L'Histoire Secrète*, a history of France from 1936 through the Algerian war; and *L'agrandissement*, an abstract novel by Claude Mauriac.

For light reading, De Gaulle occasionally shows a penchant for the torrid. The pro-Gaullist weekly *Le Nouveau Candide* raised Parisian eyebrows some time ago by reporting that De Gaulle had read *Les Planos Mécaniques* by Henri-François Rey. A French bestseller highly praised by the critics, *Planos* is a sort of *Dolce Vita* set on Spain's Costa Brava whose main characters—a schizophrenic journalist, a neglected teenage boy and girl, a half-wit charwoman—move through their pointless lives battling boredom with promiscuity. Sample passage: "She led him to the bed, still keeping their lips locked. Vincent lay down. Jenny detached herself. She began to undress him, with sure clean motions..."

It is just possible that the President did not know what he was getting into when he started the book. Once during a lunch with friends, he asked one of the wives present: "What have you been reading?" Answer: *Le Repos du Guerrier* (The Warrior's Rest). Apparently thinking it a military tome, the President said eagerly: "Ah, très bien. Could you lend it to me?" Actually, the book, whose movie version starred Brigitte Bardot, was a sultry item dealing more with conquests in the bedroom than on the battlefield.

# THE HEMISPHERE

## CANADA

### Fidel's Disciple

The hunt lasted three months. Combining through Quebec in search of the mysterious terrorists who were setting off bombs in public buildings and mailboxes, police checked out some 500 leads without making an arrest. But then came a hot tip, and the cops finally pounced. At week's end in Montreal's jails were 17 *Front de Libération Québécois* "suicide commandos," caught with the tools of their trade: cheap alarm clocks, wires, electrician's tape and sticks of dynamite.

Canadians expected the bombers to be violent French Canadian national-

the usual student bull sessions as mere "time-wasting." Sloppy and unkempt, he drifted from rooming house to rooming house, along the way married an X-ray technician whose income supported them. Then came the Cuban revolution, and Schoeters found a hero to emulate. He listened avidly on short-wave radio for news from the hills, talked incessantly about traveling to Cuba.

"Practically a God." He got his chance in April 1959 when Castro visited Montreal on his famous trip to the U.S. and Canada. There to meet Fidel at the airport was Schoeters, a one-man student welcoming committee from the University of Montreal. Three months later, in answer to Castro's plea for

something dramatic was necessary to win Quebec's masses to the separatist cause.

**Death in a Garbage Can.** One of the first dramatic acts was to set fire to the women's washroom in the Mount Royal railroad station outside Montreal last February. "The revolution has started," said one of the arsonists as he watched the flames. They then sent a communiqué to Montreal newspapers declaring their mission: "To completely destroy, by systematic sabotage, all the symbols of colonial institutions." From arson the hand moved to bombing—the creation of public impact by dynamite. FLQ targets were such "colonial" institutions as armories, Royal Canadian Mounted Police and army buildings. On April 20 an army recruiting center nightwatchman was killed when he attempted to remove a bomb planted in a garbage can outside the building. Four weeks later a Canadian army bomb expert was maimed when a bomb in a mailbox exploded in his face.

Last week Schoeters and his associates were being held for questioning, and a coroner's inquest of the watchman's death was scheduled to reopen. If Quebec's "liberators" are found criminally negligent, at least six "suicide commandos" will probably stand trial for murder.

## THE AMERICAS

### "We Are the Victors"

"I surprised you," chuckled the fifth passenger to step from the Russian TU-114 turboprop at the end of its regular Moscow-Havana run. He certainly did. As secretly as he left, Fidel Castro had finally returned from his five-week visit to the Soviet Union. Still grinning, he went to an airport phone, waited as an aide dialed puppet President Osvaldo Dorticos, then stepped up and wrapped a handkerchief around the mouthpiece. "Dorticos!" he shouted. "This is Fidel speaking from Tbilisi." Then he gave up the game: "I am at the airport. I just arrived on the TU." With that, *El Máximo Líder* hailed a taxicab and rattled into town.

**Formidable!** To hear Castro tell it on TV next night, he had just seen the promised land. "A formidable people! Enthusiasm, organization, discipline, order!" Nothing could compare with Russia's resources and standard of living. To see capitalist lands, he said, "is crushing—crushing because it is to cross from the frontier of abundance to the frontier of hunger." For Cuba's own frontier of hunger he promised vast improvements—particularly in the sugar crop that has tumbled from 6,000,000 tons to 3,000,000 tons in two years. Comrade Khrushchev, said Castro, worked on this problem "a whole day, then told me he had not the slightest



THE SCHOETERS (FRONT ROW, BETWEEN THE BEARDS) IN HAVANA  
*Separatist with a southern exposure.*

ists, the far out lunatic fringe of a movement agitating for a separate and independent French-speaking Quebec. And so they were. The shock came when Canada learned that the FLQ was also largely leftist—and that at least one of its leaders had direct ties to Fidel Castro's Cuba.

**A Hero to Emulate.** He is Belgian-born Georges Schoeters, 33, a nervous, myopic member of the FLQ's five-man "leadership committee." Husky and humorless, Schoeters (he pronounces it scooters) arrived from Belgium in 1951, telling stories of how he was a teenage partisan against the Nazis in World War II. With the help of a sympathetic University of Montreal sociology professor, he quickly learned English, then entered the university to study economics. All went well for a while until he suffered a nervous breakdown from which, as one friend said, he emerged with a "terrific instability."

Fellow students at the university found him an unfriendly loner, spouting politics and economics, yet scorning

"technicians." Schoeters, his wife and ten university students flew to Cuba. For two weeks they toured the island as Castro's guests. On his return, Schoeters excitedly informed friends that "Castro is practically a god." There was another trip in 1960, and this time he stayed several months, working, he said, for the National Institute of Agrarian Reform. He met Che Guevara and came home bubbling about that "first-class hero." His apartment, a friend recalls, was littered with Cuban maps, flags, and a prominently displayed copy of Che Guevara's guerrilla warfare manual.

Soon after, as the story was pieced together last week, Schoeters was drawn to the cause of French Canadian separatism. Most of the separatists he met disagreed with his thesis that revolutions always bring solutions. But he did find a few like-minded souls—an unemployed newspaperman, a Canadian Broadcasting Corp. messenger, the son of a prominent Quebec attorney, a draftsman and a proofreader. Early this year several of them founded the FLQ and decided that

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**SPALDING**  
SETS THE PACE IN SPORTS

doubt that within two years the question would be completely resolved."

For four hours Castro rambled on, eventually getting to the point of his message. Since Cuba was protected by Russian rockets, "it can be said that the general situation at the moment is one of security. Imperialism has elements of judgment so as not to harbor the least doubt as to what a military invasion of Cuba would mean." Such being the case, Castro expressed "our disposition to normalize relations."<sup>70</sup> He was willing to talk about payment for seized U.S. property, and about selling sugar to the U.S. again. But not on condition that Cuba break away from the Soviet Union. "We are the victors. We can wait indefinitely."

**What Coexistence.** Castro's talk of coexistence was nothing new. He has been hinting at it ever since Khrushchev left him high and dry during the October missile crisis. Yet while he talks peace, and while the joint Russian-Cuban communiqué in Moscow flatly regarded "any export of revolution as contradicting Marxism-Leninism," Castro cynically continues to work for the violent overthrow of governments in Latin America. The report last week of an Organization of American States committee on Communist subversion left no question about it. "The emphasis that the Castro regime puts on the use of violence to overthrow constituted governments," said the report, "together with the recent outbreaks of terrorism, sabotage and other kinds of subversive activity in various American republics, requires that the governments and the OAS intensify their vigilance."

There was little need to look beyond the news for confirmation. Items:

► In Venezuela, a dozen members of a Castroite outfit called the Armed Forces of National Liberation raided U.S. Army mission headquarters in Caracas, stripped six staff members down to their underwear, painted slogans all over the walls and set the place on fire.

► In Ecuador, a member of the local Communist Party and a fellow traveler were arrested as they re-entered the country, one coming from Red China via London with \$25,000 earmarked (according to Ecuador's Treasury Minister) for subversion, the other carrying tightly folded plans of terrorist tactics in a toothpaste tube.

► In Bolivia, border guards arrested ten Castroite guerrillas as they tried to cross over from Peru.

► In Peru itself, after a year's pursuit, army troops finally captured Hugo Blanco, 29, a home-grown Communist who vowed to ignite a Castroite revolt among peasants in the Andes. Said Blanco: "They have taken me and a few others, but many are still at large. They will continue the Peruvian revolution."

\* Though the U.S. swiftly rejected the feeler, it did take one small step in that direction when the State Department announced last week it would allow commercial U.S. airliners to resume routes over Cuban territory for the first time in seven months.

## BRITISH GUIANA

### Stoning the Prime Minister

A crowd of 5,000 gathered at the cemetery just outside British Guiana's Georgetown capital for the funeral of a Cabinet minister. But only a few were there to mourn. Most of them were waiting for Cheddi and Janet Jagan, the Marxist husband and wife team who misrule the small, self-governing colony perched on South America's northeast coast. When the Jagans arrived, the crowd surged forward hurling coconut shells, bottles, bricks and stones at their Prime Minister. Pulling a coat over his head, Jagan fled with his wife to a car and sped away as the rioting spread. By the time police dispersed the demon-

loose last year, suspended all talks after a series of riots in February 1962. The continuing unrest seems likely to postpone independence indefinitely—at least under Jagan. By last week, he was making desperate attempts to come to terms with the strikers. But the workers still stayed off the job, and the mounting opposition was determined to use the marathon walkout to topple his government.

## CENTRAL AMERICA

### Pulling Together

Once known as "banana republics," five small nations of Central America\* have a history of bad-neighborliness, with frequent border skirmishes and damaging trade barriers against one another's goods. But they are beginning to learn some important lessons of development through cooperation. Now grouped in a common market barely two years old, the five have lowered the barriers on a list of 1,000 goods ranging from farm products to automobile tires. Internal trade jumped 30% to \$43.2 million last year, and new plastics, textile and chemical industries have sprung up to service a market of 11 million people. Last week two of the five nations took another step with a plan to pool natural resources.

The first stage of Honduras' 120,000-kw. Rio Lindo dam goes into operation late this year. When it is completed, Honduras will have more power than it can use in the immediate future. Neighboring El Salvador, the driest country in Central America, needs power for its growing textile, food-processing and shoe industries. The plan is to build a \$3,000,000 transmission line from Rio Lindo to El Salvador's capital city of San Salvador—thus giving the Salvadoreans electricity and the Hondurans the paying customers they need for further development.

## HAITI

### What Papa Doc Ordered

The U.S. had done everything short of force to show its displeasure with the way Dictator François Duvalier runs Haiti—cut off aid, evacuated U.S. citizens, stationed an amphibious assault force off the coast, brought home its ambassador and urged other hemisphere nations to do likewise. But "Papa Doc" Duvalier, whose term as President should legally have ended on May 15, ignored all the pressures, while tightening his hold on the small Caribbean nation. Last week the U.S. caved in, recalled the assault force and told its chargé d'affaires in Port-au-Prince to "resume normal diplomatic relations." The Haitian crowd cried of Duvalier's "triumph of statesmanship," and Papa Doc sent his goons to raze a two-mile strip along the Dominican border to halt the stream of political refugees fleeing his corrupt and bloody regime.

\* Guatemala, El Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica.



strators seven hours later, some 100 were injured, 150 arrested.

The riot was the latest flare-up in a seven-week general strike against Jagan's high-handed Communist-oriented regime. In April, Jagan introduced a bill in the legislature that would have empowered the government to "super-vise" all union elections. Considering the bill a naked attempt to grab control of the country's labor movement, the powerful Trades Union Council called its 50,000 members out on strike. The bauxite mines and sugar mills closed down; so did the docks, railroads and airports. Hardly a store remained open. In the emergency, British technicians arrived to run essential power plants and water works if necessary. The frigate *Whirlwind*, later replaced by the *Londonberry*, steamed into Georgetown harbor to reinforce the 500 Goldstream Guards on duty in the country.

Jagan still clamors for independence from Britain. But London, which had originally hoped to cut British Guiana

# YELLOWSTONE

where Nature  
has outdone  
the  
Wizard of Oz

Yellowstone National Park in Wyoming is so unbelievable that when C. W. Cook wrote of his explorations there in 1869, *Lippincott's Magazine* refused such "fiction." Who could believe things like hot water spurting 200 feet high, glass cliffs and rivers that leaped off mountain tops? Or forests whose trees had turned into jewels?



Falls and Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone

But this Land of Oz is real. This wonderland, unique in all the world, has been forever set aside so that Americans may enjoy its strange beauty. There are 3,000 geysers and hot springs; "Old Faithful" hisses, snorts and blasts tons of water into the air on regular schedule. There's a cliff of black volcanic glass. The falls of the Yellowstone River



Not even the Emerald City of Oz had such wonders as Yellowstone National Park in Wyoming. This is Castle Geyser

are twice as high as Niagara. There are more than 24 layers of petrified trees whose wood has become opaline veined with amethyst.

Twenty-nine million Americans have marveled at these wonders since Yellowstone became our first National Park in 1872. Yet, by wise design, 98% of its 2,221,000 acres will always be untouched by man. Here, Nature can continue to experiment with wildlife and growing things, subtly shifting the interdependence of various species. Scientists watch, but do not disturb. For in this primeval workshop, they may learn to restore the balance of Nature in areas where it has been upset.

Yellowstone is our National Park masterpiece, a shining example of conservation's worth



Bears aplenty in our greatest wildlife refuge

to both man and Nature. Take pride in this island in time, in this part of the past set aside for the future. Come see it to appreciate its wonders and its meaning.



Petrified forest—now columns of amethyst-veined opaline

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## PEOPLE

All eyes for their fetching daughter Victoria Kelly, 17, were Deb-of-the-Century **Brenda Diana Duff Frazier**, 42 (now Mrs. Robert Chatfield-Taylor), and First Husband John Sims ("Shipwreck") Kelly, 53. When the proud parents powowed at their old Stork Club stamping ground, both agreed there will be none of that coming-out foolishness for Victoria. "Too many people see the debut as a goal," declares Brenda, "but perspective is more important. I want my daughter to have a full life." Recently ill, the former Glamour Girl admits that her own perspective was improved by two years of psychoanalysis. "I'm very happy now—and looking forward, not backward."

The house in a bleak suburb of Buenos Aires, Argentina, is heavily shuttered, its garden stifled by weeds. But it is home to **Veronika Eichmann**, widow of Nazi Criminal Adolf Eichmann. Last week, just a year after her husband's death, home she came with son Hassi, 7, from an unnamed hiding place in Western Germany. Barricaded once more behind the white-painted walls, Frau Eichmann and family (her son Dieter, his wife and child) remain in isolation, screaming at intruders. "I leave us alone! Haven't we suffered enough?" Their nearest neighbors merely shrug. "Eichmann built them a prison," says one, "and now they have to live in it."

Out of New York harbor sailed Holland-America's liner *Rotterdam*, carrying nearly 700 notables on a sort of floating crap game to benefit the American Cancer Society. With tickets sold at \$125 to \$750 apiece—and "gamblers" paid off in donated minks, diamonds, motor scooters and other goodies—the take was upwards of \$123,000. But all-at-sea was the place to be for such



DAUGHTER VICTORIA, BRENDA & "SHIPWRECK"  
Forward, not back.

socialites as Governor and Mrs. Rockefeller and the Duke and Duchess of Windsor (see THE NATION). An eyecatcher even in that company was svelte Shipmate **Gloria Lee Barrie**, 35, whose husband George, 49, president of Rayette Inc. (beauty preparations), contributed the initial ante of \$25,000 to make the evening's cruise possible.

He has no more big expeditions in mind, says **William Unsoeld**, 36, a Peace Corps official and one of the five U.S. climbers who scaled Mount Everest last month. Unsoeld and *National Geographic* Photographer **Barry Bishop**, 30, had to be carried pickaback from a base camp to Nanche Bazar, where a helicopter hustled them to the United Mission Hospital at Katmandu. Now recovered from respiratory infections, both men are still under treatment for severe cases of frostbite—with doctors hoping that only the tips of their toes may have to be amputated. And was their victory Pyrrhic? "An experience like Everest," says Bishop, "is something you wouldn't trade for anything, but wouldn't repeat. I had my one moment of truth, and one is enough."

Northeast 63, a prep school publication sprouting at Phillips Exeter Academy, interviewed Cartoonist **Al Capp**, 53—an alumnus of "the profound cultural influences of the gutter"—and got a Dogpatch double whammy for its trouble. "A prep school," said Capp, "is one great big gang, as vicious as any gang on any block in New York, except without the guts." A prep-school lad differs from an ordinary student, adds Capp, in that "he has better manners; also, he's more of a sex fiend. A good prep-school is comparable to Alcatraz, as an isolation ward for the most dangerous group in America—teen-agers."

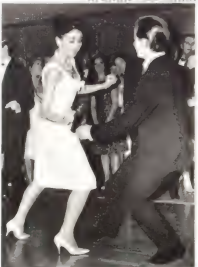
Popping around at the Waldorf-Astoria like a man plugged into one of his own "inventions," Cartoonist **Rube Goldberg** (A) paid a call on General Douglas MacArthur ("He was always interested in cartoons—I used him in a

lot of mine"), then (B) said hello to former President Herbert Hoover ("Hoover is an engineer like I am"), and finally came to rest at (C) a grand-ballroom luncheon where 1,000 guests helped celebrate his 80th birthday. Rube won't be 80 until July 4th, but that's when the firecrackers go off.

Two years ago Soviet Dancer **Rudolf Nureyev**, 25, defected to the West, now has joined Britain's Royal Ballet. But up in Toronto, police officers thought Rudolf looked more than a little bit red-nosed. After twisting at an opening-night party with Prima Ballerina Dame Margot Fonteyn, Nureyev leaped off in the direction of his hotel, was next seen pirouetting along the white center line of Yonge Street. The *divertissement* thrilled motorists, but a flatfoot, of course, rarely appreciates that sort of thing. When an officer said *nyet*, Rudolf aimed a high kick that brought him to earth in the local pokey, later apologized and went home to sleep it off.



MRS. GEORGE BARRIE  
Anted and in.



DAME MARGOT & NUREYEV  
In, then out.



POPE JOHN'S BODY BEING BORNE THROUGH ST. PETER'S SQUARE  
In Sotto il Monte they said: "We have lost a friend."

## RELIGION

### THE PAPACY

#### *Vere Papa Mortuus Est*

Pope John's last illness set a mortal infection against a strong heart, which—as the world waited fearfully—pumped like a clock for three days after doctors gave up hope on Friday, May 31. A stomach tumor, with internal hemorrhages, had struck him earlier in the week, but it was the resulting peritonitis that now brought him near death. He lapsed in and out of comas, scarcely able to bear the pain that morphine could no longer kill. "My Jesus," he cried out in a lucid moment during his last ordeal. "Free me now, I cannot endure it. Take me with you."

On Monday, his pulse began to fall; his body—resting on a simple, low wooden bed to which he had been moved to make medication easier—shook with spasms. Late in the afternoon, he spoke his last words: "*Mater mea* [my mother]"—the first words of an invocation to the Virgin Mary that he had learned as a seminarian. Then his body was convulsed by a brief shudder, and he died.

**Unchanging Ritual.** John XXIII was one of the most modern of Popes; his death was marked by ceremonies that have scarcely changed in hundreds of years. Carrying the traditional gold-tipped staff, Benedetto Cardinal Aloisi Masella, the Vatican chamberlain and chief executive of the Roman Catholic Church until a new Pope is elected, took custody of the gold Fisherman's ring that the Pope used for sealing documents; it was later broken and the pieces buried with John's body. To those in the room, Aloisi Masella spoke the rit-

ual words: "*Vere Papa mortuus est* [The Pope is truly dead]." He then signed a formal certificate of death, and Vatican clerics dressed the body for its final appearance: golden mitre, white alb, crimson and gold gloves, chasuble, buskins and slippers. In John's hands was placed the tiny black crucifix he had held in his final hours. The bells of Rome's 540 churches pealed out a requiem across the city.

Cardinal Aloisi Masella decided that the Pope's body should be carried through St. Peter's Square before it lay in state inside the basilica. On the day after his death, Palatine and Swiss Guards led the great procession through the square, crowded with upwards of 80,000 people. The Pope's body lay on a litter: behind it walked his sister and three brothers, in tears. Inside St. Peter's, the corpse was borne to a high catafalque beneath the ornate Bernini *baldachino* that covers the main altar. Twenty-one candles were placed by the bier; 16 guards kept watch around the clock. That night the Pope lay alone, except for guards, almost on the spot from which he had addressed his historic Vatican Council II. In the next two days, more than 1,000,000 people shuffled by the body to pay their last respects. On Thursday night, the body, inside a triple coffin of walnut, lead and cypress, was placed in the crypt beneath St. Peter's; eventually, in accordance with John's wishes, it will be moved to the Basilica of St. John Lateran, the Pope's cathedral as Bishop of Rome. Then the priests and nuns who had served John in his papal household packed their belongings and quietly went home to Bergamo and Venice.

"Incomparable Pope," John XXIII was, said Milan's Giovanni Cardinal Montini, "an incomparable Pope," and much of the world, Catholic and non-Catholic, seemed to agree. Protestant and Orthodox churches held memorial services in his honor; Jewish religious leaders mourned; Boston's Richard Cardinal Cushing announced that he would push for an immediate start on canonization proceedings. Nikita Khrushchev sent a warm message saying that John had "won the respect of peace-loving peoples"—the first time a Soviet leader has ever noticed the death of a Pope.

But perhaps the loss was most deeply felt in Sotto il Monte, the mountain village where John was born. There, even local Communists tied black ribbons of mourning to the yellow and white Vatican flags that were everywhere on display. "We have lost a friend," said one villager. "This must be the only village in Italy that is not thinking of who will now be the Pope."

### Election Trends

On June 19, the members of the Sacred College of Cardinals, each to be accompanied by one aide, will assemble in the Sistine Chapel. Vatican officials will ritually inspect the chapel and adjoining apartments for unauthorized persons, and then lock the pates in. They will not reappear until two-thirds of the cardinals have selected someone to be the next Bishop of Rome, Supreme Pontiff of the Universal Church and Vicar of Jesus Christ on earth.

Theoretically, any male Roman Catholic who has reached the age of reason can be elected Pope. In practice, the possibilities have always been easily narrowed down to a chosen few: not since Urban VI (1378-89) has there been a Pope who was not a cardinal; not since Adrian VI of Holland (1522-23) has the church had a non-Italian Pontiff. But this time there are more *papabili* than Roman handicappers can readily rate. Next week's conclave, with 79 cardinals,\* will be the largest since election of the Pope became the exclusive prerogative of the cardinals in the 12th century.

Thanks to the Vatican Council, the cardinals have both a good idea of the kind of Pope that the bishops of the world would like and a sense of the mind and spirit of the candidates; 50 of the cardinals, for example, went on record by speaking out at the council's first session. Judged by the number of countries represented, this conclave will be the most international in history, but Italian hegemony remains: 29 cardinals, compared with 17 of 51 in 1958.

**Apertismo.** Most observers believe that the central issue at the conclave will be *apertismo*—openness toward

\* Three of the 82 cardinals are not expected to appear: Hungary's Josef Mindszenty, 71, whose safe-conduct from Budapest has not yet been negotiated; James McGuigan, 68, of Toronto, and Carlos Maria de la Torre, 89, of Quito, both ailing.

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WESTINGHOUSE BROADCASTING COMPANY

new trends in Catholic thinking, toward ecumenical relations with other Christians, toward new political approaches to Communism and Afro-Asian nationalism. There are perhaps 32 cardinals who would qualify as "progressive." But the openness of some is on selected issues: Munich's Julius Döpfner, 49, for example, is a convinced ecumenist and a modern-minded theologian, but was disturbed by Pope John's opening to the East.

Ranged against these progressives will be 36 conservative cardinals—including 21 of the men given red hats by John—who generally deplore the currents of change visible at the council and feel that Pope John went too far in his friendliness toward Protestants and Orthodox Christians. Many of these cardinals will be under great pressure from their younger bishops and priests to vote for a man in tune with the mood of the council. They may find such a man among 14 moderates, most of them self-effacing Curia executives who have kept their views largely to themselves.

**Plotting Strategy.** "He who enters the conclave a Pope," runs a familiar Roman saying, "leaves it a cardinal." Despite this warning, Vaticanologists have already begun to plot the strategy of the election. They believe that non-Italian progressives will first support one of their own, switching later to a moderate or liberal Italian. Conservative cardinals will try to elect the most attractive representative of the old order, but may settle for the most conservative of the liberals. In case of deadlock, both factions might settle for another aging, short-term Pope whose only positive commitment would be to carry on the council.

Nearly all the leading candidates have some sort of handicap that would seem to prevent them from gaining a two-thirds majority. The liberal favorites—theologically minded Leo Josef Suenens, 58, of Malines-Brussels, and Vienna's courtly, diplomatic Franziskus König, 57—would have to overcome the tradition that Rome's bishop ought to be Italian. Genoa's Giuseppe Siri, 57, and Palermo's Ernesto Ruffini, 75, are skilled, articulate conservatives—but their lack of *aperturismo* makes many non-Italian cardinals shudder.

There are plenty of misgivings about other cardinals who rule Italy's great archdioceses. Milan's aggressive Giovanni Montini, 65, a much-mentioned liberal with many Curia enemies, has been mercurial and indecisive as a pastoral leader. Easygoing, emotional Giacomo Lecaro, 71, of Bologna professes a deep interest in social reform, but, complains one Vatican official, "his conception of social work is giving alms." The likable Patriarch of Venice, Giovanni Urbani, 63, is thought to be excessively dependent upon his advisers.

**Decision & Enemies.** Among the Curia *papabili*, Amleto Cicognani, 80, the Vatican's Secretary of State under

Pope John, was "just fine," says one Vatican priest, "when John could make the big decisions." Gregory Peter Agagianian, 67, is something of a scholar, but he is an Armenian, wears a beard, and has shown little aptitude for experiment as chief of the church's missions. Carlo Confalonieri, 69, and Ildebrando Antonutti, 64, both appear to be moderate-minded Curia professionals with few enemies; their major drawback is a lack of pastoral experience.

Yet someone has to be elected Pope, and in the mysterious dialogue of the conclave, the merits of one man, rather than his drawbacks, will begin to stand out. Then—despite the entrenched structure and traditions of the Vatican—his heart and brain will become the church's heart and brain, and his past may well prove a poor way of judging his future. After all, no one in 1958 suspected that the amiable Patriarch of Venice, Angelo Roncalli, was going to change the course of history.



THEOLOGIAN MARTY  
The sin is in not seeing.

## PROTESTANTS

### Prolific Prophet

An inopportune new breed is knocking at the church's door: the prophets of post-Christianity. They are usually young, steeped in the Bible and hip to the latest twists of German hermeneutics, at home both in academe and in the churches of the slum-ridden "inner city." Their theme is the need of the churches to answer the new challenges of secular times; their prose is a never-never blend of Pauline exorcism and plummy sociological jargon. The prophets are sometimes a bit of a nuisance, partly because they are as predictable as the tiny hammers in Anacin ads, and partly because they provide a stream of criticism from within that the churches often need but do not necessarily welcome.

Perhaps the most consistently effective of these Daniels with doctorates is

a rapid-fire minister of the Lutheran Church—Missouri Synod who in light-hearted moments used to sign himself "Marty Marty." A hard-traveling (20,000 miles so far this year) graduate of Missouri's Concordia Seminary, the Rev. Dr. Martin Emil Marty, 35, is an associate editor of the *Christian Century* and founding pastor of the big Church of the Holy Spirit in Elk Grove Village, Ill., a Chicago suburb. His own literary productivity is positively staggering: in the past five years he has written more than 300 articles, and in 1963 alone he will have overseen the publication of six books bearing his name as sole or joint author.

**"Consensus Religion."** Once newly published Marty effort is a lively introduction to his prickly, pithy style and his new Frontiers eagerness to get U.S. Protestants moving again. In *Second Chance for American Protestants* (Harper & Row; \$3.50), he argues that the churches are being "displaced" from their comfortable positions of influence in the U.S.; in an increasingly religionless world Christians are becoming once again, in the Biblical phrase, "strangers and exiles." This can be well and good, says Marty. The beliefs of Protestant churches have, in the U.S., formed the basis for a "consensus religion," which now has lost its impact: it is like faded wallpaper, visible everywhere but hardly noticed. Change is needed for the church to become once more a vital spiritual force.

But responding to the new conditions of life will not be easy. Christianity "will have to 'travel light.' Christian institutions, ministries, images, effects must be studied: Which are very important? Which are accidental and can be left behind?" In Marty's view, the accidentals include many of the most apparent artifacts of American religion: the expensive Gothic church built for community prestige, the comfortable words of moralistic sermons, the check to a charity that substitutes for personal engagement with modern problems.

**The Limits of Class.** Marty has no programmatic answers for those who hear his prophecy and ask what they must do. In fact, he argues that point-by-point planning for spiritual progress is secondary to the problem of changing basic attitudes. Ministers must not be scout leaders or psychologists in clerical hats but theologians "relating the Word of God to the world of man." Laymen must shift their angle of vision, and see that their task of translating theology into the life of the marketplace has global as well as parochial implications. "I tell my congregation," Marty says, "that their sin is not in being middle class; their sin is not in seeing through the limits of their class."

A position that he resigned in May in order to become an associate professor of church history at the University of Chicago Divinity School starting in July.



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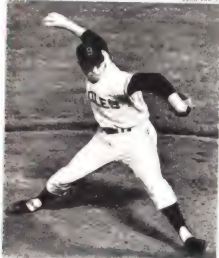
# SPORT

## BASEBALL

### Early Birds

The last time the Baltimore Orioles won a big-league pennant was in 1896. For all anyone knew at season's start, it might be 1996 before they won another. There was a flutter of hope around the fringes of Chesapeake Bay last month when the Orioles rattled off nine straight victories and jumped into the American League lead. But then they lost five in a row, and, sure enough, there came the New York Yankees to trample Baltimore's last brief song of

JOHN KATCH



ORIOLES' ROBERTS

*Straight servings of crow.*

spring. Only it didn't work out that way. When the stands finally emptied and the smoke cleared over Memorial Stadium last week, the early-bird Orioles had taken two out of three from the world-champion Yanks and were still nesting at the top of the American League—11 games in front.

**One Mistake.** The first game could hardly have been closer, Yankee Pitcher Ralph Terry made only one mistake: he threw a gopher ball to Baltimore's John ("Boog") Powell, who poked it out of the park. One for the Orioles, 3-1. "I like hitting home runs," said Powell, a still-sprouting lad of 21 who stands 6 ft. 3 in. and weighs 235 lbs. "It gives me a good feeling." Next night, nobody felt very good. The game was delayed more than an hour by rain. Butterfingers Baltimore Catcher Dick Brown twice dropped the ball on plays at the plate, and Manager Billy Hitchcock got thumbed to the showers for kicking dirt on Plate Umpire Joe Paparella's pants. The Yankees squared the series with a gift 4-3 victory, but it was a bad bargain: Mickey Mantle was seriously injured (see below).

And then came the rubber game. Pitching for the Orioles was ancient

(36) Robin Roberts, who was released by the Yankees after a short trial last year. For seven innings the Yankees ate crow—not Oriole—as Roberts struck out three, walked none, scattered six hits and brilliantly protected a 2-1 lead. But then, alas, the Yanks tied it in the eighth, and a deep sigh went up from the fans. Everyone knows who always wins in the clutch: the Yanks. But not this time. Yankee Pitcher Stan Williams walked the first Oriole in the bottom half of the eighth. There was a brisk little flurry of grounders and singles; and when the Yanks opened their eyes, they were on a plane out of town, wondering how come they had lost, 4-2.

**Starters & Sluggers.** Who knows? The 1963 Orioles just might be for real. They are certainly far from the night-blooming playboys who wound up seventh in the ten-team American League last year. On their early form, the Orioles have speed on the bases, sure hands in the field, power at the plate—and the classiest pitching staff in baseball. Robin Roberts, who can look back on 15 seasons and 248 victories, now has won four out of his last five games. Steve Barber, 24, a onetime wild man whose fast ball was clocked at 95.5 m.p.h., has acquired a change-up, tamed his "hummer," and leads the league with nine victories. Milt Pappas, 24, a disappointment last year at 12-10, is 4-2 so far, and his earned-run average is an impressive 2.47. Last but not least, there is Relief Pitcher Wes Stock, 29, whose won-lost record (5-0) is not only the best on the team, but the best in the American League.

Managers like to say that pitching is 75% of the game—but the other 25% scores the runs. Last year's Orioles led the American League in being shut out (16 times), ranked second in strikeouts and third in grounding into double plays. Came the winter trading season, and the Orioles persuaded the Chicago White Sox to part with two oldtimers: Shortstop Luis Aparicio, 29, and Outfielder Al Smith, 35. "We made that trade for one reason and one reason only—to make a run for the pennant this year," says one Oriole executive. So far, Smith has seven homers; Aparicio has 16 stolen bases (tops in both leagues), and last week he scored the run that clinched the series with the Yankees.

The oldtimers' heroes are catching. Third Baseman Brooks Robinson, always one of the league's best glovemen, has suddenly blossomed into a power hitter: .299 average, 32 RBIs. When he is not kicking over water coolers, terrible-tempered First Baseman Jim Gentile is rocketing liners over distant fences, has nine homers already. At week's end the Orioles ranked third in hitting (.251) and second in home runs (55). As Manager Hitchcock says, "We're not a team of stars. Everyone seems to be getting the big base hit when we need it."

## How to Live with Pain

The Yankees lost more than a pair of ball games in Baltimore. They lost Mickey Mantle for at least five weeks.

The medical description of Mantle's injury was "an undisplaced, slightly oblique fracture of the third metatarsal neck"—in plain English, a broken bone in his left foot. It happened in the sixth inning of the second game, when Baltimore's Brooks Robinson lofted a home run over Memorial Stadium's center-field fence and Mantle leaped high into the air in a futile attempt to spear the ball. On the way down, Mantle caught his spikes in the steel-mesh fence and crumpled to the ground. Teammates

ELLS MALIKIAN—THE SURFMAN



YANKEES' MANTLE

*Right in the metatarsal neck.*

found him prodding his swelling foot. "It's broke," said Mantle calmly. "I know it's broke."

In his 31 years and twelve big-league seasons, Mickey Mantle has learned to live with pain the way most men live with shaving in the morning. He has an arrested case of osteomyelitis in his left leg. The cartilage is gone from his right knee. His right shoulder has been weak since 1957, when he collided with Red Schoendienst at second base. He has twisted innumerable muscles, and during the 1961 World Series, he bled through his uniform from an abscess on his hip. There is no telling how good a healthy Mickey Mantle might have been. Crippled, he has been good enough to win a triple crown (batting, home runs, RBIs) in 1956, to hit .365 in 1957, to elude 54 homers in 1961, to win the Most Valuable Player award three times, and to spark his team to nine American League pennants—a feat for which the grateful Yankees are currently paying him \$100,000 a year.

Often a slow starter, Mickey was batting a lousy .310 last week, already had 11 homers and 26 RBIs. After the injury, Manager Ralph Houk insisted: "We ain't going to lay down and die." But



CASSIUS MEASURED FOR BOWLER AT GIEVES  
A little bit lopsided.

Mantle knew the measure of his own loss. After doctors poured a plaster cast around his broken foot, he hobbled up to Trainer Joe Soares. Asked Mickey: "Isn't there some way they can strap this thing up so I can play?"

## PRIZEFIGHTING

### Wot Larks!

Tomato-red Rolls-Royce, here he comes!

Cassius Marcellus Clay was in Londontown last week, and he had a lean and hungry look. "I am the prettiest fighter you ever did see," he cried. "The prettiest—and the loudest." Five was Cassius' magic number, the round in which he promised to demolish Henry Cooper, 29, a onetime house plasterer who claims the British and Empire Heavyweight championships. But that was two weeks off. In the meantime, there were 55,000 tickets to be sold, and Cor, luv, wot larks!

**Super-Duper.** So off to Soho Cassius trooped, to confront Cooper at a press luncheon, arranged by Promoter Jack Solomons. "Henry Cooper is a tramp, a cripple and a bum," Cassius declared. "I'll hit him so many times he'll think he was surrounded." Cooper manfully fought back:

*You can say that Mr. Cooper*

*Doesn't think Clay is so super-duper,* but he was clearly outclassed. Clay did a spot of sightseeing: Buckingham Palace, he allowed, was "a swell pad. I think I'd like to have a place like that." At Gieves of Bond Street, outfitters to His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, Cassius bought a red brocade cocktail coat and got fitted to a bowler; the fitter respectfully informed him that his head was slightly lopsided. Crowds of autograph hunters packed around. "Who are you?" asked one puzzled Londoner. "Sonny Liston!" Cassius yelled, trying to look mean.

At last Cassius got down to business—so to speak. With his brother Rudolph Valentino Clay, he jogged around London, wearing a sweat suit and paratrooper boots, sparring a few desultory rounds, and gave away postcard-size pictures of himself. "Had five, ten thou-

sand of these printed," Clay explained. Spotting a pretty Negro girl in a crowd, Cassius whistled softly and whispered to friend Ronald King: "Go talk to her, man. That's the cutest thing I've seen since I've been here."

**Big, Man.** The girl turned out to be a Jamaican secretarial student, and she was there when Clay got back to his hotel room at 4 p.m. "Ho, isn't she a pretty girl?" he cried. "We got the prettiest girl in London right here." Cassius chuckled merrily. "Hey, pretty girl," he said, "you can be my London secretary. We got secretaries all over. We're gonna have offices all over—London, Miami, Los Angeles. And when I get real big, I'll charge a dollar for my picture, and I'll send you a big stack, and you can keep 50¢ for every one you send out. Saaay, pretty girl! You got a record player, honey? Twist records, rock 'n' roll, Chubby Checker?"

A knock at the door. Four men filed in. "We're from *Queen* magazine Mr. Clay," said one. "Hope you were expecting us." Cassius bounced up, resplendent in a rainbow-hued sports shirt, eyes flashing, teeth gleaming in a wide and happy grin. "Are you local, national or international?" he asked.

## SCOREBOARD

### Who Won

► **Peter Snell:** a convincing three-straight mile victory over the best the U.S. could muster; at Compton, Calif. His time was 3 min. 55 sec., and behind him trailed Jim Beatty (3 min. 55.5 sec.), Dyrol Burleson (3 min. 55.6 sec.), Jim Grelle (3 min. 56.4 sec.), Cary Weisger (3 min. 57.1 sec.) and Bob Seaman (3 min. 59.1 sec.), the first time six runners in one race had all cracked 4 min.

► **Chateaugay:** the \$145,450 Belmont Stakes, by a widening 2½ lengths over Rex Ellsworth's 1-2 favorite, Candy Spots. Despite his Kentucky Derby victory, Chateaugay went off at 9-2, trailed by six lengths early in the 1½-mile race. But in the stretch, Jockey Braulio Baeza sent Chateaugay charging past Candy Spots for a victory that was worth \$101,700 to Owner John W. Galbreath.

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## SHOW BUSINESS

### TELEVISION

#### Good Scout

Television series, particularly situation comedies, are not intended for casual viewers. They require fidelity. If you're an absentee, you lose out.

Consider a casual viewer tuning in *The Dick Van Dyke Show*. He has heard that it's pretty funny. After all, it has just won three Emmy awards as the funniest, best-written and best-directed humor show on television. He



MOORE & VAN DYKE  
Apple pie and very few waves.

knows from just general absorption that Van Dyke plays a gag writer married to a delicious-looking girl played by Mary Tyler Moore. Van Dyke and Moore are arriving at a literary cocktail party. "Do you want to duck out right now," says he to her, "and take in a movie?" The laughter that follows this line is deafening.

When they leave, Van Dyke says: "The next time we're invited to a literary dinner party, will you say to me, 'Let's stay home and can some plums'?" Wow. That line gets such a laugh that even the set falls on the floor. Van Dyke does it every time. Like the night he said, "Without my thumbs I couldn't type." Or that other time, when he told his wife: "If you keep looking that good in the morning, I may have to switch to an afternoon newspaper."

**Jumping Juror.** The laughter, since it comes mainly out of the can, may be irritating, but the characters are not—and therein hides the secret of a successful TV series. The regulars tune in not for the latest witticisms of Gag Writer Rob Petrie, but to watch Dick Van Dyke, a clean-cut fellow with a frog in his throat. He looks believable. He isn't aggressively glamorous or excessively cute. He is a pretty bright guy whose brain is sometimes a ball of thumbs, and he is married to an Ameri-

can icon: the steady, dependable, reliable, beautiful, clean-limbed little mother who has the sort of dewy wholesomeness that every twelve-year-old boy looks forward to in a wife.

The show has had its good moments. Van Dyke is a fine mimic and an even finer slapstick. He is 37, but "I was born 30 years too late," he says—and indeed he does at times recall the Harold Lloyds and Stan Laurels that he much admires. Playing a jury foreman, he jumped out of the jury box to pick up the voluptuous defendant's handkerchief, reeled around awkwardly before the court and fell back into the jury box. It was one moment that a casual viewer could appreciate. Last week came another one, as he told his little boy in flashbacks the story of the hours before the child's birth. *Semper paratus*, he slept in his clothes, dashed around like a nut, and smashed up his car in the driveway. A laundry truck had to drive his wife to the hospital.

**First After Lemmon.** But the mass viewers care less for what he does than for the fact that he is doing it. Viewers like his apple-pie accent. They read *TV Guide* and the Sunday supplements, and they know he's an eagle scout. He has been married to his high school sweetheart for 15 years; they have four children and live quietly near Hollywood; they don't see much of show people. He teaches Sunday school at the Brentwood Presbyterian Church. He is loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean and reverent. He is a friend to animals. He will not kill or hurt any living creature needlessly. He smiles whenever he can. He never shirks or grumbles at hardships. He stands for clean speech, clean sport, clean habits, and travels with a clean crowd. As Carl Reiner, the show's writer, puts it: "Dick is a very civilized neurotic. He is like me. We make very few waves."

Born in Missouri and raised in Illinois, Dick Van Dyke started out as half of a pantomime act. He worked around in TV and radio until he reached Broadway, most notably as the talent agent in *Bye Bye Birdie*. He did the film version of *Birdie*, and is now making *Mary Poppins* with Julie Andrews. For light movie comedy, he has become the man everyone wants when Jack Lemmon is unavailable. "I don't mind," he says cheerfully.

### ACTRESSES

#### Deadly Queen

When parents tell their children about the birds and the bees, they leave out the information that the male bee always dies after making love. This is surely a touchstone metaphor for at least a part of mankind. Yet until now, it has not been put across with wide-angle clarity. It has remained for the

Italian cinema to do so in a new movie called *Queen Bee*—a title that loses a little something in translation from the Italian, *Ape Regina*.

**As I Lay Dying.** Her hiveness, the heroine of the film, is a blonde hum-dinger named Marina Vlady, whose performance won her a golden palm at this year's Cannes Festival even though her lines were dubbed in by someone else. Words were unimportant. As the young bride of a fellow twice her age, she spends most of the picture nude between the sheets. She has married him not for his honey but because her own family has no male heir. Her vigor and tenacity in attempting to conceive would be enough to debilitate the entire United States Marine Corps, let alone one poor drone.


Incessantly, Marina wrestles with her aging husband (played gamely by Ugo Tognazzi) until he looks like some sort of weakening Laocöon. He tries com-



VLADY AS 'APE REGINA'



AS HERSELF WITH HUSBAND  
Her hiveness and the bush man.



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*He made us mindful of the treasure which is ours...*

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plaining to a priest, but the priest drives him back into action, saying: "You must fulfill your conjugal duties." He goes to his office and stays late, pretending to have work to do; she goes after him. There is a divan in his office. She takes off her clothes. "Aren't you cold?" he pleads. But it is only he who is shivering.

When she finds that she is pregnant, she suddenly turns distant. After a time, her desirous and bewildered mate approaches. The fellow may not be a Pantagruel, but neither is he a Gandhi. He begs and begs. Finally, she lets him crawl into bed. He leaves by stretcher—dying.

**Avant le Déluge.** Queen Bee's message is pretty discouraging: marriage is a plunge that women survive. But Marina Vlady conveys this without a smirk or the hint of a smile. At 25, she is experienced at such work. She has another hit film (*Les Bonnes Causes*) now playing in Paris, in which she plays a young woman who murders her husband, pins the crime on his mistress with the aid of her own lawyer-lover, then gets rid of the lawyer. As early as 15, she won vibrant notices for a picture called *Avant le Déluge*, but she was unable to see it in a theater because the film was prohibited for exhibition to people under 16.

Her father was a Russian exile named Vladimir de Poliakov-Baidaroff, who raised his four daughters in Paris. They all became actresses. Marina took her stage surname from her father's first name and followed an older sister to Rome, hence becoming an Italian star first, a French one more recently. When she was 16, she became the "bébé-rump" of Russian-born Actor-Director Robert Hossein, then 28. She married him and bore him two sons before divorcing him in 1959.

**Double Exposure.** A couple of months ago, she married a handsome, athletic-looking man named Jean-Claude Brouillet, who, like Hossein, is a dozen or so years her senior. But Brouillet is no actor. He has seen only one of her films and he doesn't care. He is tough—straight out of a Marlboro ad. He is the owner and No. 1 pilot of Trans Gabon Airways, flying the African bush, carrying supplies to Albert Schweitzer, winging into remote outposts, serving as an aerial ambulance. His first case was a woman who had been mauled by a gorilla.

Their home is in Gabon, with an escape-clause villa in St. Tropez. He gave her a Cessna for a wedding present, and she has only eight hours to go before she solos. She understands the centripetal drives of the acting profession and appreciates her new marriage the more because of it. In St. Tropez, where Bardot is resident queen and the standard rear view is a double exposure, Marina disappears into a long pullover and a drab skirt or slacks. A passerby could have to stare hard to see the lousy film star she hides away.



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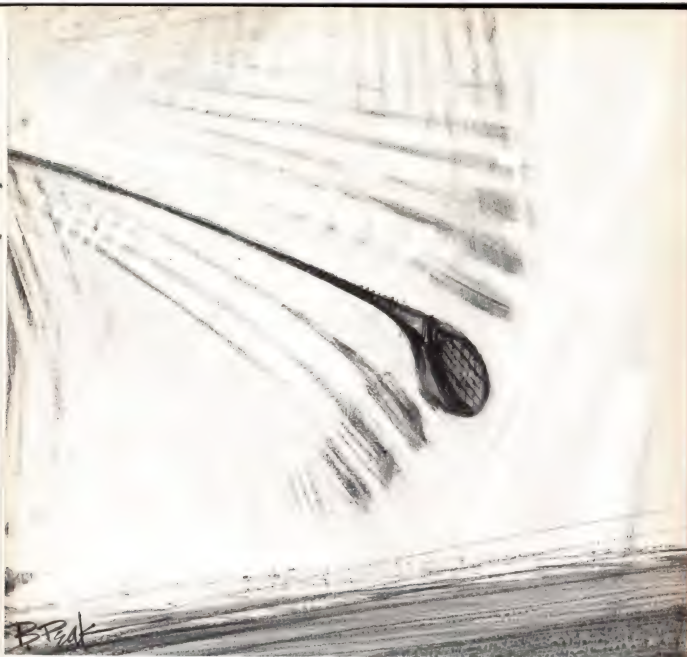
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# SCIENCE

## SPACE

### A Sense of Direction

Man or machine, the navigator of a spacecraft traveling toward a distant planet has a delicate problem: when there is no gravitation, there can be no sense of direction. In three-dimensional space, it is impossible even to tell which way is up unless sights can be taken on a pair of reference points. But how to find those two landmarks? The easily sighted sun may glaze as usual, but the familiar earth quickly fades into a background of dim, average celestial bodies.

One promising answer to the problem has been produced for the Air Force by General Precision Aerospace of Little Falls, N.J.: a device that watches the ever constant stars and uses them to keep a spacecraft from losing its way. The device is deceptively simple in conception, but like most space hardware, it is complex in construction. Essentially, it is a mechanical eye that sweeps the sky and is rigged to notice only the 50 brightest stars. Its main working part is a small mirror that rotates inside a window, scanning narrow strips of black space. When the mirror's field of view crosses one of the 50 stars, a photocell reports the star's position to a computer. When three bright stars have been reported, the computer measures the angles between them and compares them with known angles stored in its memory. No two groups of three stars have exactly the same angular arrangement, but if the computer picks up one group that might possibly be mistaken for another, it observes a fourth star and uses it to remove all uncertainty. When the computer has decided firmly what stars the mirror was looking at, it tells the spacecraft how it is heading.

The earth may have disappeared in just such a manner for the Russians' Mars Probe 1. Last week the Soviets announced that the vehicle failed to keep its directional antenna pointed accurately toward home when its orientation system failed.

Such measurements are as important to spacecraft as the celestial fixes by which oldtime navigators found their way across the oceans. If the spacecraft is guided by a mechanical navigator, the findings of the star scanner can be fed directly into the navigator's electronic brain. If the craft has a human crew, the heading can be read from dials or other display devices. One promising version of the new system will use the sun as a kind of North Pole. But as man's machines get farther into space, the scanner might locate a prominent star such as Sirius and use it as the changeless anchor point of the spacecraft's sense of direction.

## CHEMISTRY

### At Last,

### A Disappearing Detergent

When rivers in the U.S. and Europe began to billow with evil-looking foam and tap water frothed like lager beer, the blame was quickly pinned on the synthetic detergents in modern cleaning agents. They wash shirts gleaming white and they make dishes shine, but the bacteria that swarm in soil and sewage do not eat them with the same appetite they have for old-fashioned soap. Rejected by the bugs, the detergents sweep through sewage plants and seep out of septic tanks into the ground water. They are not poisonous, but who likes creamy froth on his drinking or swimming water? Humans have no more taste for the stuff than the bugs do.

There is an obvious solution: cook up synthetic detergents that even choosy bacteria will consider delicious. And last week Esso Research and Engineering Co. of Linden, N.J., announced that it has finally found a recipe with the proper ingredients: pleasing to the bugs and cheap enough to fit the household budget. The concoction, however, was easier to dream up than to prepare.

The most popular detergent now in use, say Esso chemists, is TBS (tetra

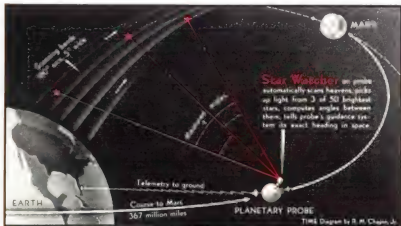


DETERGENT FOAM ON RIVER  
Fats are more appetizing.

propylbenzene sulfonate). It forms the basis of just about every washday product on supermarket shelves—including Tide, Fab and Rinso Blue. Its complex molecule has many branches, and it contains a benzene ring of six closely bonded carbon atoms. This sort of thing is uncommon in nature, and bacteria find it unpalatable. So Esso chemists set out to make a molecule of a long, unbranched chain of carbon atoms, rather like a natural fat. That, they figured, would be something bacteria could get their teeth into, destroying it quickly. They tacked a sulfonic-acid group ( $-SO_3OH$ )—the chemical that is responsible for the cleansing action—onto each long-chain hydrocarbon molecule. This is no easy trick to perform in a practical industrial process, but after years of work Esso chemists finally developed a novel way of making the reluctant chemicals react by jolting them with gamma rays.

When they passed the proper hydrocarbons, sulphur dioxide and oxygen near a chunk of fiercely radioactive cobalt 60, the gamma rays from the cobalt knocked a hydrogen atom off the hydrocarbon molecules, making them highly reactive. After enough of these free radicals had been formed, the reaction proceeded without further stimulation. The result was SAS (sodium alkane sulfonate), a long-chain detergent that washes clothes and dishes every bit as well as the troublesome TBS.

Next the Esso chemists dissolved their SAS in water and added bacteria from soil and sewage plants. The bugs went for the stuff like kids for peanut-butter sandwiches, gobbling most of it in a few days. Once their new detergent gets drained out of washing machines, say the Esso men, it will not last long enough to make one horrid bubble.





# Why you should wear ACCUTRON<sup>®</sup> instead



**ONLY THE ACCUTRON TIMEPIECE** is guaranteed 99.9977% accurate on your wrist (not just in a test laboratory).

**ONLY THE ACCUTRON TIMEPIECE** keeps time by the constant vibrations of a tuning fork activated electronically. It doesn't tick. It hums.

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**THE ACCUTRON TIMEPIECE** never, never needs winding — even off your wrist. Power cell lasts a full year. Second year's cell free. Additional cell only \$1.50.

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Above: Revolutionary electronic tuning fork mechanism of ACCUTRON seen through transparent dial of "Spaceview" model. 14-KT gold case. \$200\*

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**ACCUTRON** is the only timepiece guaranteed **99.9977% accurate on your wrist**. It makes the finest watches—even electric watches—obsolete.



**ACCUTRON** is the only timepiece that keeps time by this revolutionary new principle. A miniature tuning fork, driven by a transistorized electronic circuit, vibrates at a constant 360 times a second. These tiny vibrations supply such steady, unvarying power to the hands that **ACCUTRON** is the first timepiece in history that can be guaranteed 99.9977% accurate on your wrist. It's the first major advance in personal timekeeping in

over 300 years. The **ACCUTRON** timepiece was created in many distinguished waterproof\* and shock-resistant styles by Bulova designers, the world's finest. See **ACCUTRON**—the most distinctive timepiece you can own, the most unique gift you can give. From \$125 to \$2500\*. For the name of your nearest **ACCUTRON** dealer and a free booklet, write to the Bulova Watch Company, Inc., Dept. 9, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, New York. Don't you owe it to yourself to wear the **ACCUTRON** timepiece instead of a watch?

The **ACCUTRON** timepiece is already the new world standard of accuracy.

**ACCUTRON** was selected as a timing device for U.S. Government research projects—from test instruments on the ocean floor to satellites in outer space.

The **ACCUTRON** timepiece was purchased by the U. S. Air Force for every pilot in the X-15 project.

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The **ACCUTRON** timepiece is worn by over 150 heads of state and leaders in science, industry and government.

Read this amazing **ACCUTRON** guarantee of accuracy!



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**ACCUTRON** is guaranteed by Bulova not to gain or lose more than one minute a month in actual daily use on your wrist. For one full year from date of purchase, the authorized jeweler from whom you purchased your **ACCUTRON** timepiece will adjust it to this tolerance, if necessary, without charge.

**How to be sure you're getting the ACCUTRON timepiece.**

**Listen.** It doesn't tick—it hums!

**Look.** The second hand doesn't skip-and-jump—it moves with the smooth, continuous motion of a satellite in orbit.

**Remember.** **ACCUTRON** is guaranteed 99.9977% accurate on your wrist.

**Divorced.** Ernest Borgnine, 45, gap-toothed, Oscar-winning cinemacolor (*Marty*); by Katy Jurado, 39, tabasco-tempered Mexican cinemactress (*High Noon*); on grounds of cruelty; after 31 years of marriage; in Los Angeles.

**Died.** Edgar Clyde ("Skinny") Ennis Jr., 55, popular bandleader of the jive-and-jump era, a product of Hal Kemp's offbeat collegiate jazz band at the University of North Carolina in the 1920s (other students: Kay Kyser, John Scott Trotter), who became the big noise nationwide on Bob Hope's radio shows of the 1940s; from choking on a piece of roast beef; in Beverly Hills.

**Died.** ZaSu Pitts, 63, Hollywood's flibbertigibbet comedienne, a Kansas girl who was a rising tragedienne until the talkies came along and no one could take her quavering, squeaky voice seriously, then adroitly turned to hilarious roles, from the whimpering Western maid in *Ruggles of Red Gap* to the befuddled switchboard operator of the forthcoming *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World*; of cancer, in Hollywood.

**Died.** William Alfred Foyle, 78, founder in 1904 (with Brother Gilbert) of W. & G. Foyle, Ltd., world's largest bookstore with 4,000,000 volumes stashed in seven London buildings, a flamboyant cockney who once shocked bibliophiles by selling his wares at tuppence per pound, another time offered to buy the books Adolf Hitler was burning (no reply), and subsequently got his own revenge by using copies of *Mein Kampf* to protect his roofs during the blitz; of a stroke; in Essex, England.

**Died.** Lieut. General Sir Adrian Carton de Wiart, 83, one of Britain's best-known soldiers, the proud possessor of eleven battle wounds and many more decorations for valor, a lanky Oxonian who lost his left eye battling dervishes in Somaliland, and his left hand during a grenade charge at Ypres in 1915, and became Churchill's military envoy to Chiang Kai-shek in World War II; in Killinardish, Ireland.

**Died.** William O. Jenkins, 85, a little-known Tennessee-born gringo who quietly amassed a fortune upwards of \$250 million in 62 years of fast dealing in Mexico; of a heart attack; in Puebla, Mexico. Traveling south in 1901 to start as a 50c-a-day mechanic, Jenkins became a U.S. consular agent in Puebla, was kidnapped by bandits in 1920, and that proved to be his break; somehow he got his hands on part of the \$25,000 ransom (at least the Mexican government, which paid the money, accused him of it), suddenly blossomed into a Prohibition bootlegger, then into textiles, cement, finance, soap, and a monopoly of movie houses.

## MODERN LIVING

### THE FAMILY

#### Woman's World

More and more U.S. women are getting married these days. There are fewer spinsters, more working wives and more babies (legitimate and illegitimate). So concluded the Population Reference Bureau, Inc., last week in a report on "Marriage and the American Woman."

- **Items:**
- Spinsterhood is declining. In 1940, 15% of women in their early 30s had never been married; in 1960, only 7%.
- Nearly two out of three U.S. women are married by age 21. One out of every eight girls in college is married.
- Wives now in their early 30s are expected to have an average 3.4 children.
- The illegitimacy rate has tripled in the past 25 years. One out of every 20 babies born today is illegitimate. There

### RECREATION

#### Flying In

They have started to swarm again—whistling down softly upon their familiar feeding grounds, buzzing into the air on their brightly colored wings, performing the ritual flights peculiar to the species, communicating in a mysterious language. In short, the fly-in season has begun, and it will be the biggest ever.

**Technology & Cotton Candy.** Fly-ins are the gregarious side of private flying. A fly-in may be a bunch of well-heeled bank managers, admen, lawyers and the like, assembling for a weekend on Blakely Island, the de luxe air marina just off the northwest coast of Washington. It may be an informal handful of farmers and construction men setting down by a lakeside for a Sunday cook-out. Or it may be a highly organized annual institution, with hundreds of planes zooming in for an elaborate program of exhibits and special events.

Over the Memorial Day weekend, for instance, there were no fewer than four fly-ins. Near Elmira, N.Y., the second annual Southern Tier Air Fair drew 172 private planes and some 2,500 visitors to the Chemung County Airport, despite a bad weather forecast. The atmosphere at Elmira was a pure American blend of up-to-the-minute technology and old-fashioned county fair. Outside were refreshment stands, a chicken barbecue, cotton candy and a sound-truckload of continuous music; inside a large hangar were displays of

annual fly-in of the local branch of the Experimental Aircraft Association—some 15,000 people (in 15 countries) who like to build, or rebuild, their own planes. Economy is, of course, one attraction for the do-it-yourselfers; a two-place plane can be built for about \$2,500 (plus 1,500 hours or so), compared with some \$5,500 and up for a factory-built plane. But the main appeal is the fun of the building. For some, such as Stan Johnson, building is all. "Been making planes all my life," he explains, "but I've never flown one."

Red-hot craze among the air amateurs is antique aircraft (pre-Pearl Harbor). At the Merced Municipal Airport in central California, 1,500 aircraft turned up for Merced's sixth annual Antique Fly-In. "That's the kind of plane we should get next," said a woman to her husband, indicating a blue, open-cockpit Stearman PT-17 trainer some 20-odd years old. "Everything these days has two engines, five radios and windshield wipers," complained Pete Bowers, 45, an engineer for Boeing. "That's fine for traveling, but not for flying." Then he climbed into his 1912 Bullock-Curtis tri-wing pusher, bounced off the runway at 35 m.p.h., churned over the field doing at least 50, landed and stopped in about 35 ft.

**Business & Pleasure.** Private flying—for business, pleasure, or thrills—is air-borne and climbing fast, stimulated by high incomes and more spare time, improved technology and better airport facilities. In 1962, U.S. private planes flew more miles (1.755 billion) than the commercial airlines (1.137 billion). They also killed considerably more peo-



MRS. HAESLOOP AT ELMIRA



LINE-UP AT REEDSBURG

Antiques, homemades, and friendly folks.

were 89,000 children born out of wedlock in 1940, 141,000 in 1950, and 224,000 in 1960. Of the 1960 figure, 82,200 were born to white mothers, 141,800 to nonwhite.

► About nine of every 1,000 married women (or close to 400,000) will be divorced this year. There are today almost 2,000,000 divorced (and not remarried) women in the U.S., and more than 3,000,000 children whose parents are either divorced or separated. The U.S. divorce rate, though now only half that of the postwar peak, remains one of the three highest in the world. (Chief rivals: Hungary and Rumania.)

the latest aeronautical equipment. The door prizes were free glider rides, and there was an afternoon "air parade" of the latest models of private planes. But the most important part was the shop talk and socializing. Said Mrs. Betty Haesloop of Elmira: "Flying certainly has changed my life. You meet such a nice crowd." Echoed her 18-year-old daughter Linda: "The people you meet on flying trips are so friendly!"

In Reedsburg, Wis., the 12th annual Fly-In Drive-In brought 69 planes from Wisconsin and Illinois. The Hamilton-Mount Hope Airport in Ontario was the gathering place for the third an-



BOWERS & 1912 PUSHER AT MERCED

ple (864 v. 333) and at a higher rate (0.2 fatal accidents per million miles, as compared with the airlines' record of 0.008 fatal accidents per million miles). In 1958, there were 65,289 active private and business planes; today there are more than 82,000.

Among the flying groups registered in Washington are the Missouri Pilots' Association, the Flying Farmers, the Flying Physicians' Association, the Flying Dentists' Association, the Lawyer-Pilots' Association and the Flying Osteopathic Physicians' Association.

## GAMES

### Pits & Pebbles

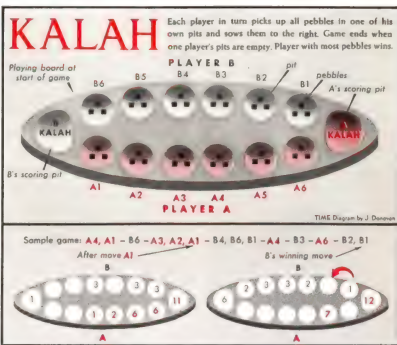
Carved on a vast block of rock in the ancient Syrian city of Aleppo are two facing ranks of six shallow pits with larger hollows scooped out at each end. The same design is carved on columns of the temple at Karnak in Egypt, and it appears in early tomb paintings in the valley of the Nile. It is carved in the steps of the Theseum in Athens, and in rock ledges along caravan routes of the ancient world. Today the same pits and hollows are to be found all over Asia and Africa, scratched in the bare earth, carved in rare woods or ivory inlaid with gold. And they are turning up in rapidly increasing numbers in the U.S.—in public playgrounds, on town-house coffee tables, and even in the programmings of computers.

The design is the basis of one of the oldest games in the world, ancestor of the abacus and of backgammon, dominoes and mah-jongg. Its most popular U.S. incarnation—called *Kalah*—is the life work of a spry 82-year-old retired financial counselor, who is suddenly hard put to keep up with the demand.

**The Ur-Game.** In 1905, the year he graduated from Yale, William Champion read an article about an exhibit of African game boards at the Chicago Exposition of 1893 in which the author noted that *Kalah* "has served for ages to divert the inhabitants of nearly half the inhabited area of the globe." Fascinated by the failure of such a pandemic pastime to catch on in the U.S. and Europe, Champion began tracing its migrations and permutations.

He found an urn painting of Ajax and Achilles playing it during the siege of Troy; he found African chieftains playing for stakes of female slaves, and maharajahs using rubies and star sapphires as counters. He finally traced it back some 7,000 years to the ancient Sumerians, who evolved the six-twelve-sixty system of keeping numerical records.<sup>6</sup> Out of this system of record keeping, the Sumerians developed this ur-game of board games.

**Matches or Diamonds.** The two players sit behind the two ranks of six pits on the board between them. Each



pit contains three (for beginners) or six "pebbles" (which may be anything from matches to diamonds). Purpose of the game is to accumulate as many pebbles as possible in the larger bin (*kalah*) to each player's right. Each player in turn picks up all the pebbles in any one of his own six pits and sows them, one in each pit, around the board to the right, including, if there are enough, his own *kalah*, and on into his opponent's pits (but not his *kalah*). If the player's last counter lands in his own *kalah*, he gets another turn, and if it lands in an empty pit on his own side, he captures all his opponent's counters in the opposite pit and puts them in his *kalah* together with the capturing pebble. The game is over when all six pits on one side or another are empty. It is not always an advantage for a player to go "out," since all pebbles in the pits on the opposite side go into the opponent's *kalah*. The score is determined by who has the most pebbles.

A sophisticated player learns not to accept all short-term advantages, however tempting. Thus, in the game illustrated, Player A began by moving the three pebbles in his pit A4, ending in his *kalah* and thus earning another move, which he used to play from pit A1, ending on empty pit A4 and thereby capturing B's men. By similar maneuvers and captures, A, by the fourth turn, has become pebble proud, with eleven in his *kalah* to a pathetic one in B's (see diagram). But A is dangerously concentrated in the two pits A5 and A6, B, seeding six pebbles on his own side, forces A to start distributing his hoard around the board. By the eighth turn (see diagram), A still has twelve in his *kalah* to five in B's; but B moves the five pebbles in B2 and then has only to move

the single pebble in his pit B1 to capture A's seven remaining pebbles—ending the game and winning it by a score of 24 to 12.

**The Wily Computer.** In 1940, Champion set up a small company to market the game under the name *Kalah*, which he concocted from South Africa's Kalahari Desert, where the natives play by scooping out pits in the sand. Since then, Champion has sold some 75,000 sets to hospitals, the Red Cross, UNICEF, institutions for the blind, church organizations and schools.

Some of Champion's best customers are the recreation departments of major cities, including New York, Chicago, Los Angeles and Boston. "Kalah's the greatest thing that's hit our playground system in years," says Patrick Ryan, director of Boston's recreation department, which has thousands of children playing it in some 150 playgrounds. "With *Kalah* you know the kids are learning their arithmetic and putting their minds to work in the best way possible."

Intrigued by the high number of mathematical combinations in the game, M.I.T.'s computer wizards programmed a PDP-1 computer for *Kalah*, which clobbered Champion Champion consistently after the first try. "I didn't have a chance," he said gamely. "The computer eluded every one of my traps. It can think so many moves ahead that it's impossible to beat."

In his small plant at his son's electronics firm in Holbrook, Mass., Champion turns out 24 styles of board, ranging from \$4.50 to \$25 (up to \$250 for custom-made models), and is currently negotiating with a company equipped to turn out the boards at the rate of 10,000 or more a week.

<sup>6</sup> Relics of this system in today's largely decimal world include the twelve-hour watch, the twelve-month year, and the round dozen.

## THE PRESS

### NEWSPAPERS

#### Submerging the Story

For four long days—from the moment the Vatican Press Office announced that "il Papa e grave"—hundreds of reporters were staked out in offices, shops and rented rooms around Vatican Square. Their opportunities for bungling during the long death watch were many. The surprise is that so few did. In Paris, the principal radio station bulletinized news of the Pope's death 67 hours before it happened, then made itself look more foolish the following day with the breathless announcement, "He's still alive!" The German-Swiss tabloid *Blitz*—which, appropriately, is printed on pale yellow paper—passed the word two days early and was promptly attacked in 12,000 copies of a handbill drawn up by citizens of Lucerne.

**Revolving Fusillade.** In the cascade of words both preceding and following the death, most of the world's newspapers somehow managed to submerge what really mattered—a succinct chronicle of the Pope's astonishing accomplishments. To their credit, though, most kept their coverage within the bounds of good taste.

Most—but not all. In Singapore, the *Straits Times*, equatorial equivalent of London's flamboyant *Daily Express*, bannered, POPE'S HANDS TURN BLUE, and printed both headline and body type in a sickening shade of blue. In France, the satirical weekly *Le Canard Enchaîné* issued a stinging, and dead-serious, rebuke to television. "Commentators spoke in low, vibrato tones to announce the least temperature rise . . . the most insipid details," said the magazine. "All was 'lachryma Christi' of the worst vintage." In the U.S., on the other hand, New York Journal-American TV Critic

Jack O'Brian found coverage "reverent, respectful, thorough and amazingly informative," but he added that it "seemed sacrilegious" when ABC followed a documentary on Pope John with "a fairly revolting fusillade of violently noisy shots at the start of *The Riddleman*."

Associated Press and United Press International kept direct lines to the Vatican Press Office open for days; they wore out several batteries listening to Vatican Radio, which unnerved everybody by broadcasting occasional bulletins in Swahili. Just 60 seconds after the Pope's death, U.P.I. carried a flash to all its U.S. clients: POPE DEAD. A.P., whose man on the phone tipped over backward in his swivel chair when he heard the words "E morit!" from the Vatican pressroom, still managed to fire off a bulletin two minutes later.

**Tops in Trivia.** Though most U.S. afternoon papers were right on deadline, the morning papers really poured it on, all but burying their readers in the process. The New York Times ran an eye-straining 36 columns—roughly 23,000 words—and even the *Daily News* taxed its straphangers with 13 pages. Two-thirds of the space in Spain's papers were devoted to the story.

Some of the stories could surely have been dispensed with—unless there actually are people who have time to read the commonplace "sidewalk reaction" story and all the unending sidebars that nearly every paper in the U.S. felt obliged to run. Tops in parochialism was the headline in Nairobi's East African Standard: KENYA IN HIS THOUGHTS NEAR THE END. Tops in trivia was the Detroit News headline: SORROW IS GREAT IN TINIEST NATION, over a piece describing the mourning in San Marino. Though there were such genuinely moving reaction photos as the nuns in St. Peter's Square paying their last respects, there were also the usual hoked-up "grief" pictures: little boys praying in Boston, elderly women in shawls weeping in scores of cities and—leave it to the *paparazzi*—pretty young things snatched off Rome's Via Veneto and coaxed into pious poses.

**Red Reaction.** Encouraged by his attempts to ease cold war tensions, the Communist press hailed John as "the Pope of Peace." Rome's Communist *L'Unità* eulogized him as "one of the greatest Pontiffs" in the church's history, and Red-lining *Pavese Sera* carried a cartoon showing the earth enveloped by his enormous heart. Russia's *Pravda* and newspapers in Poland, East Germany and Hungary gave the story prominent play. Paradoxically, though, the Vatican's short-wave broadcasts to East Europe were jammed.

Only in Red China, which does not recognize the Pope's authority and forces Catholic bishops to submit to a bogus "Patriotic" Church on pain of imprisonment or death, did newspapers ignore the news.

### MAGAZINES

#### A Capitalist Critique

If the Russians wanted a friendly critique of their society, they could have picked a more sympathetic source than the *Economist* of London (circ. 70,000). For 120 years, the magazine has shown a distinct distaste for government meddling in economic affairs, and Russian writers scornfully refer to it as "the mouthpiece of the City" and "Washington's advocate." Even so, one day last January, the Union of Soviet Journalists decided to invite a team of *Economist* reporters to make an extensive tour, all expenses paid.

Last week the fruit of that visit—a critical but qualifiedly optimistic 14-page survey entitled "Changing Russia?"—appeared in the *Economist*. The most arresting feature of Russia today, said the magazine, is the dramatic and potentially "convulsive" revolution in education; yet "even the most sophisticated and impressively learned" Russians suffer from "numerous blind spots about both home and foreign affairs." The *Economist's* conclusion: Russia is mov-



MACRAE, GUIDE & STAFFER IN TASHKENT  
Beware the bourgeois backslappers.

ing toward "a more sensible and relaxed form of society," but "there will be some massive setbacks on the way."

**Pst! Got Any Socks?** Exactly how the invitation to the *Economist* came about remains something of a mystery. Balding, 55-year-old Editor Donald Tyerman insists that it came from out of the blue—or Red. The Russians claim that Tyerman first broached the idea—possibly in the "oh-hell-let's-give-it-a-try" spirit of the reporter who requests an interview with Mao Tse-tung or J. D. Salinger. Either way, Tyerman was dumfounded when the Russians said *da*. Tyerman sent six staffers—including two who speak Russian and two women—off to Moscow in May for a 15-day



NUNS MOURNING OUTSIDE ST. PETER'S  
The readers were all but buried.



Star of the Red Skelton Show (CBS-TV, 8-30 p.m. Tuesdays) relaxes in one of the opulent new Penthouse Suites at the Sands.

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visit. Hobbled by polio and unable to make the trip himself, he named as head of the team Home Editor Norman MacRae, who spent the summer of 1936 in Moscow while his father was British consul there. "It was during the worst days of the purges," said MacRae, 39, "so I certainly have not been starry-eyed about Russia."

Even if he were, the atmosphere during last month's visit would have cleared his vision quickly. The *Economist* team arrived just as Moscow was heating up a new "vigilance" campaign against foreigners. Worse yet, Izvestia Editor Aleksei Adzhubei (Khrushchev's son-in-law) addressed a pointed warning to Russian newspapermen only two days before the team hit town. "A bourgeois journalist may give you a friendly slap on the back, as if all journalists were one big family," said he. "But in our world, there is no unified journalism. Let nobody deceive himself about this."

Though some Russians were "quite relaxed and frank," many journalists "shied away from serious conversation" and "were exceptionally jittery," said the *Economist*. About the only Russians bold enough to approach the team on their own were "businessmen from the thriving black market" who wanted to buy everything, "down to our socks."

Occasionally splitting up to cover more ground, the *Economist* team ranged from Leningrad and the Georgian capital of Tiflis (where they found just two statues of Favorite Son Joe Stalin) to Armenia. Some of the events on their itinerary were less than enlightening. In a Tashkent opera house, the six sat yawning through a two-hour program of eulogies for an obscure poet, but managed to salvage a guffaw when a Canadian Communist named Tim Buck stood up to describe how the local hero—who wrote in Uzbek—had given Buck's fellow Canadians "great inspiration fighting imperialists and warmongers."

**Economically Screwed.** The Russians, said MacRae, "did us really proud" in setting up interviews on economic problems, but they growled *nyet* to requests for a tour of Moscow's auto factory, a visit to Kazakhstan's troubled "virgin lands" program, a trip to Volgograd (formerly Stalingrad). "At Gosplan," said MacRae, "they were deliberately stonewalling us on some questions. We could see some of the younger Russians growing restive when they had to sit and listen silently to the older men give us evasive answers."

Despite the stone walls, the team emerged with a picture of a Russia that might be nearing "the stage of eventual breakthrough to a tolerably affluent urban society" but that is still addicted to production and marketing methods that are "economically screwy." Some day the West might find it a "cozier" country to live with, said the *Economist*. But for the present, "this is a country where free thinking is still a very timorous beastie."

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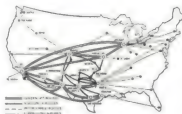
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## ART



OLMEC HEAD IN MEXICAN JUNGLE\*  
How to make things lively.

### Sweeney's Way

James Johnson Sweeney has been director of Houston's Museum of Fine Arts for two years, five months and four days. That is perhaps two years longer than some of his former colleagues in Manhattan—recalling how he stomped out of his job at the Guggenheim Museum—would have predicted. Expectably, he has stirred things up, but aside from having to display some Remington cowboy art that he loathes, he has had his own way.

When Houston asked him to put on a show of local talent, he said it would be too parochial. Instead, he proposed and put on a show of 83 works selected from 889 entries gathered from the Southwest—which he decreed to be bordered roughly by the Mississippi River on one side and the Pacific Ocean on the other. He has acquired art of quality, whether it be a torso from ancient Greece, *The Walking Man* by Rodin, a Calder stabile, or a 23-ft.-long carved crocodile from New Guinea. And he sometimes exhibits things just to keep Houston up to date with the latest fads. Last week, in the big hall designed by Mies van der Rohe that forms a wing of the original Greek revival building, he was showing something called *Gorgo in New York*—a papier-mâché dinosaur walking over a city of toy cars and trains, a papier-mâché serpent crushing a rocking horse, plus gears of a clock, a half-full milk carton, a pot of roses. It was made by Sculptress Niki de Saint-Phalle, who finished the job by spraying it white and splattering it with black by means of shooting attached bags of paint full of bullet holes.

Seen a Head? To judge by attendance figures (247,000 last year), and by the generosity of the museum's patrons,

Sweeney has been a success. But the lengths to which he will go to make the museum the liveliest in the real Southwest were most strikingly demonstrated when he started working on his next exhibit, pre-Columbian art.

On a trip to Mexico he got interested in a huge head from the great Olmec culture (500-100 B.C.) that was still half buried in the jungle.\* More than a year ago, he armed himself with letters from the President and Vice President of the U.S., and talked the Mexican Tourist Bureau into agreeing to lend the head to Houston. All he knew about finding the head was that it lay somewhere on the island of San Lorenzo between two rivers, about 40 miles from the town of Minatitlán in southern Mexico. The Mexican government lent Sweeney a helicopter, and with it he flew from village to village scrutinizing the terrain for any big heads, and occasionally landing to inquire if the villagers had seen one. The helicopter pilot eventually spotted the head, buried in a ten-foot hole and surrounded by such dense jungle that it was invisible to anyone 15 yards away.

**Rain & Restlessness.** The Mexicans agreed to build Sweeney a road so that the head could be taken out. But the rainy season came and then Christmas; it was not until after Easter this year that Sweeney got back to Mexico. Sure enough, the Ministry of Marine had almost finished the road, clearing away giant trees and building bridges over streams. But now the people in nearby San Lorenzo Tenochtitlán were growing restless. In return for losing their head, they demanded a new schoolhouse. The governor of the state wholeheartedly agreed to give them one.

Just as rain threatened to wash away the new road, the 16-ton head was removed by trailer and then shipped on loan to Houston. This week it arrived—a superb, Buddha-like sculpture nine feet high, whose meaning to the Olmec civilization is lost to history.

\* And photographed in color for TIME, Oct. 21, 1957.

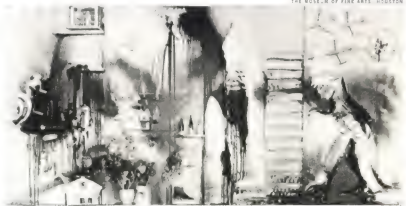
### Weber's Search

What sounded at first like an ordinary famous-artist retrospective at Manhattan's Downtown Gallery turned out to be something vastly more exciting. The current show of the work of Max Weber (see color) consists of gouaches, watercolors, pastels and collages that have never been displayed before because until lately no one knew they existed. Weber's widow found them in a folder that she thought contained only blank paper. They cover almost every phase of Weber's career.

Weber was one of those early 20th century American originals whose reception ("Atrocities"—New York Globe; "Such grotesquerie"—Evening World) must have amused him to recall before he died at 80 in 1961. Everything seemed to fascinate him—still lifes, landscapes, the construction of the human figure, cubist and abstract impressions of the rhythms of great cities. But subject matter was never foremost in his mind. To a large extent; he treated each painting like a piece of architecture: building with colors as well as with forms. His distortions—the "grotesquerie" that his early critics denounced—were a deliberate effort to achieve a balance of space relations.

**Harmonious Spacing.** Weber's feeling for design was brought to bloom by Arthur Wesley Dow, his teacher at the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn. Dow was a student of primitive and oriental art, and saw in these forms what he felt was the key to all art—harmonious spacing. By the time Weber sailed for France in 1905, his mind was ready, not only for the experiments that he was to encounter, but also for the timeless lessons to be learned from the masterpieces in Europe's museums. He filled notebook after notebook with sketches of ancient art, of works by Goya and El Greco, of Masaccio and Piero della Francesca. He was, as he said, on a "search for fundamentals" from every time and every place.

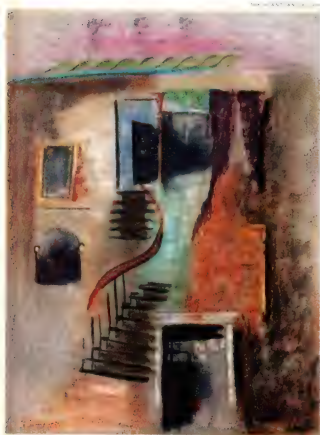
He was "gripped" by Cézanne's efforts to lay bare the bones of nature;



NIKI DE SAINT-PHALLE'S "GORGEO IN NEW YORK"  
How to keep up to date.

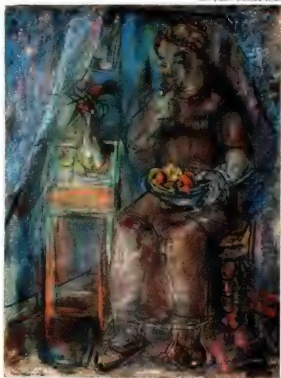
\* In upper left, Sweeney.

# INTIMATE SKETCHES BY A PIONEERING PAINTER



MAX WEBER employs flowing pastels in *Interior Stairway* (about 1916) to anchor the architecture—brassy andirons, ocher of an arabesque banister, green moldings.

"SEATED WOMAN" (1956) sets a tubular nude assertively like a totem within a room more sparsely suggested than 40 years earlier.



"AFTERNOON REPAST" (1924) organizes furniture and figure into stiff, pyramidal composition that serves as background for glowing colors of fruits and flowers.





he studied under Matisse, shared Picasso's fascination with African sculpture, was enchanted by Henri Rousseau, in whom he saw not merely a quaint primitive but a master of color and harmony. He became Rousseau's close friend and for years afterward told affectionate anecdotes about him. Of a Cézanne painting, Rousseau once exclaimed, "My, that's a good picture! If only I could have it at home for a while. I could finish it up nicely." When Weber told Rousseau that he worked rather like Giotto, Rousseau said, "Who is Giotto?"

**Distortion Is Poetic.** Weber had some fairly sympathetic reviews of Paris shows, and that made his reception in the U.S. all the more bitter. Yet Manhattan still cast as strong a spell over him as it did when he first arrived as an immigrant from Russia at the age of ten. He put its terminals and bridges



MAX WEBER

"Art is the real history."

in exploding abstractions—and could give the same sense of excitement to a still life of fruit or a landscape of a road lined with trees. If his female figures seemed heavy, it was because he was concerned with the body as a solid, three-dimensional object in a particular setting. Abstractions, landscapes, the figure—every painting had its internal architecture. Gradually the critics came round to seeing Weber not only as a brilliant eclectic but also as a pioneer whose work, as Critic Lloyd Goodrich said in 1949, "places him among the pioneers of abstract art not only in America but anywhere." In 1930, when the new Museum of Modern Art in Manhattan gave him a large retrospective show, he was the first living American to be so honored.

For all his preoccupation with spatial harmony and with the distortions he used to achieve it, there was nothing cold or seemingly calculated about Weber's art. "Distortion must be born of a poetic impulse," he said. His war scenes, his paintings of workers, the face of an old rabbi could be cries of pain—as much a "search for fundamentals" as the magic key to design. "Art is the real history of nations," Weber said. "Their politics, their wars, their commerce are but records, as the calendar or the clock is not time itself."



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## MEDICINE

### DOCTORS

#### Prescription for Travel

Framed along with the medical diploma and the other parchments of professional achievement on the wall of Dr. Alan R. Crain's Washington, D.C., office hangs a reminder of a recent six-week vacation. It is no moun'ed marlin or spread of ten-point antlers—only another certificate. "Nay chung-nhan," it begins, which is Vietnamese for "This is to certify," and goes on to let it be known with gold seal and red ribbon that Dr. Crain served this spring as a visiting orthopedic surgeon at the crowded, understaffed Cho-Ray Hospital in Saigon.

Without Pay. Such a working vacation is hardly the relaxing change of scenery a doctor might order for a patient, but Dr. Crain and a small but dedicated number of U.S. physicians are choosing the prescription for themselves. Through a program coordinated by MEDICO, the CARE-affiliated international medical cooperation agency co-founded by the late Dr. Tom Dooley, the doctors volunteer to spend a month practicing their specialties in out-of-the-way places in Africa, Latin America and the Far East. They usually pay their own way and always work without pay. At local clinics and hospitals, they train native doctors in modern medical techniques and treat patients who crowd in from hundreds of miles away.

Since 1959, when the first "vacationer" went to Jordan for a month, at least 175 U.S. doctors have offered their services in a dozen countries. During a 40-day visit to Jordan, a surgeon examined 635 patients, performed 69 operations on almost every affliction



COLD LEG (RIGHT)



FEVERED BREAST (LEFT)

A camera with an eye for heat.\*

known to orthopedics. In Hong Kong, three prominent eye surgeons performed a series of delicate corneal transplants. When Algeria gained its independence last July, fewer than 200 doctors were left to care for 11 million people, many suffering from epidemic diseases and war injuries. MEDICO rushed in emergency teams of doctors and nurses; now eight one-month doctors are on duty in Algiers. The volunteer system, says Dr. Peter D. Comanduras, co-founder and now chief of MEDICO, demonstrates that "a great deal can be done with very little money in bringing the latest in medical science to underdeveloped countries."

Wearily but Ready. On Dr. Crain's trip, except for a two-day excursion into neighboring Cambodia, he had no time for sightseeing. He was kept busy day after day at the hospital. There were two native orthopedic surgeons to train and a ward teeming with patients, many of them mangled victims of Viet Nam's guerrilla war. The cases, Dr. Crain says, were fairly routine—muscle and nerve operations, bone grafts and other reconstructive procedures. But not the conditions. Flypaper hung over the operating table, amebic dysentery was rampant, and blood for transfusions was in short supply. The thousand-bed hospital was so crowded that sometimes two beds were pushed together to accommodate three or four patients. Americans in Saigon quipped that "semiprivate at Cho-Ray means two in a bed."

Like many vacationers, the doctors return weary but enthusiastic. Several volunteers have made more than one trip. Dr. Crain says that it will take him four months to recover financially and to catch up on his case load back home, but he is all ready to pack his instruments and go again. "They're setting up a program in Afghanistan," he says. "I'd like to go there."

### DIAGNOSIS

#### The Trouble with Hot Spots

For all the painstaking care he puts into the pictures he takes, Dr. Jacob Gershon-Cohen could be one of the artists of arty photographers. In his darkened studio, the temperature has to be just right—a steady 68° to 72°. He insists that subjects stretch out and relax for 15 minutes before the first picture is snapped. But Dr. Gershon-Cohen, a radiologist at Albert Einstein Medical Center in Philadelphia, is the extremely careful scientist, not the temperamental artist. Borrowing a technique space researchers use to take temperature readings of Venus, he photographs the human body's surface heat with a novel infra-red camera.

Highs & Lows. The procedure is called thermography, and Dr. R. Bowling Barnes, president of Barnes Engineering Corp., which developed the camera, describes the picture taken on photographic film as a "thermal map of the skin." The instrument does not irradiate the subject in any way. Instead, it scans the body surface for six to twelve minutes to register the invisible infra-red rays emitted by the body itself. Where blood concentrates close to the surface—in veins, infections or abnormally rapid growths—the skin runs a higher temperature and the thermogram shows a light spot. Where there are areas of low metabolism—such as hair and scars or inactive growths close to the surface—the body temperature is slightly lower, and the thermogram is proportionately darker. Routine thermometer readings might show a fever, but they would not pinpoint its cause.

In a study of the camera's potential for diagnosis, Dr. Gershon-Cohen took

\* Photographs are reversed, right and left, as a thermogram is made from a mirror reflection of patient.



DR. CRAIN IN SAIGON  
A vacation with work.

almost 1,000 thermograms of breast lesions alone, also photographed suspected appendicitis cases and arterial disorders. The breast thermograms often aided a more definite diagnosis.

**Picture of Illness.** There was no way of telling from examination of one typical subject if the lump in her left breast was benign or malignant. But the thermogram left little doubt. The picture of the left breast came out lighter than normal: the temperature was about 3° higher than in the other breast. Surgery proved that the lump was cancer. A thermogram of another patient, a 68-year-old man with arteriosclerosis, showed his right leg black from the knee down. Its temperature was below normal. The patient had a blocked artery, was dangerously close to gangrene.

Additional diagnosis is usually required to determine the exact cause of the hot spots and cold spots discovered by thermography. But the new procedure, says Dr. Gershon-Cohen, "holds much promise as another, ancillary approach to more accurate diagnosis of diseases of the breast, particularly carcinoma." The camera is already "valuable in differentiating benign from malignant lesions."

## VACCINES

### Safety in Numbers

Right from the start of the first field tests, doctors and parents alike were troubled by the new measles vaccines. A single dose of the attenuated (weakened but live) virus vaccine produced nearly 100% immunity to the disease and its possibly serious aftereffects, but it also caused fevers and rashes all too similar to symptoms of the natural disease. The killed virus vaccine was almost reaction-free, but it might not provide as long-lasting immunity as the live virus. Even with a double inoculation—a shot of live virus in one arm, a shot of gamma globulin containing measles antibody in the other—every fifth child still ran a disturbing fever.

After a two-year study among 601 children, Dr. Samuel Karelitz and a medical team at Long Island Jewish Hospital have reported in the *A.M.A. Journal* on "simple, safe and effective" alternatives using both vaccines. The doctors found that the killed virus provides 100% immunity if given in three monthly doses. It can also be used to stimulate the formation of protective antibody before a child gets a shot of the more potent live virus. In either case, side effects are slight and infrequent. The investigators gave the live virus vaccine to 296 children who had already had one dose of the killed virus, and only 15% of the subjects developed a fever; 3% got a mild rash. For those who had two doses of killed virus before getting live virus shots, reactions were reduced by half. Of 75 given three killed virus shots, only one ran a fever and one developed a rash after an injection of the live virus vaccine.



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## EDUCATION

### UNIVERSITIES

#### Alabama Quality

Despite their kinship as neighboring Deep South schools, the University of Alabama and the University of Mississippi are a study in contrasts, all favoring Alabama.

The Governor-appointed Ole Miss board of trustees was powerless to prevent the usurpation of its authority and functions by Ross Barnett, but in Alabama the constitution, as the result of a turn-of-the-century scandal over political meddling in the university, makes the trustees independent by providing that vacancies on the board are to be filled by vote of the board itself. Ole Miss is a way of making Mississippi kids into Mississippi adults; Alabama is more rigorously concerned with the pursuit of knowledge.

Stiffening entrance requirements have resulted in some 3,000 applicants' being turned down in the past four years. The number of doctoral fields has grown from 12 to 17. More than a tenth of the 10,000 students in the regular session at Alabama's main Tuscaloosa campus are in the graduate schools. Not that bookish sobriety rules the campus. Some 3,500 coeds provide the usual distracting feminine graces, and "squeal night," the traditional end of sorority rush week, is just that: "You can hear those girls shrieking all the way to the other

side of Tuscaloosa." Faculty morale is high, and teacher turnover low, out of a sense of assured academic freedom.

Spineless leadership left Ole Miss students unprepared for an orderly transition to integration. As early as last November, the Alabama board of trustees went firmly on record: "This board will not condone, and will take such measures as it may deem necessary to prevent, violence, riot and disorder." Similar no-nonsense statements swiftly followed from the alumni organization, the university faculty and the student council.

"He's Lit a Shuck." Behind all this manifest preparation stands a determined and dynamic president, Frank Anthony Rose, 42, who recently reaffirmed his vow that "the university will maintain its dignity, its scholastic integrity, and our students and faculty will walk as honorable men and women."

In his 5½-year tenure as president, Rose has profoundly improved the intellectual climate of the University of Alabama, and he has infused Alabamians with his own passion for a school that aspires. Rose was born in Meridian, Miss., with little else but aspirations. As a boy he picked cotton in the fields at 50¢ a day. His father died when he was ten. He drove soft-drink trucks and plowed fields to earn the money to go to Kentucky's Transylvania College, where he majored in philosophy and went on to get a bachelor of divinity

degree in 1946. For the next three years he taught philosophy and religion there, and preached at the same time as an ordained minister in the Disciples of Christ. Nine years after graduating he was president of Transylvania, at 30 the youngest U.S. college president.

When Rose came to Tuscaloosa in January 1958, the university was still reeling and demoralized from the Autherine Lucy riots of 1956, Alabama's own sorry curtain raiser to the Ole Miss disgrace. The faculty was gutted, with 60 vacancies. Rose promptly recruited 126 promising young Ph.D.s. The engineering school had slipped badly. Rose hauled its standards back up. He has persistently pushed for higher professional salaries. A full professor now gets \$9,548 as against \$7,500 when Rose took over, pushing Alabama from 19th to fourth in the pay-scale rankings of 22 Southern state colleges and universities. A ten-year, \$42 million capital-improvements plan is already two-thirds completed. At Huntsville, a research institute is being constructed to be tied in with the Marshall Space Flight Center at nearby Redstone Arsenal, and IBM and Lockheed have already signed up for space in a neighboring industrial park. As some Alabamians put it when they speak of Rose, "He's lit a shuck"—he has set a fire under the university as one might set fire to a shock of corn or wheat.

The Wise Foresee. More significantly, he's lit a shuck under the pride of ordinary Alabamians in their biggest state school. Rose has crisscrossed the state carrying the missionary message of his idea of a university, as a source of reason, enlightenment and civilized behavior. Borrowing a phrase from Alfred North Whitehead, he calls it "an habitual vision of greatness." Rose preaches the New South of industrial plants and untapped resources, in which poverty and the Southern inferiority

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# The Next Pope

As the world grieves for Pope John XXIII, eyes turn inevitably toward the Sacred College of Cardinals. On June 19 the princes of the Church meet in Rome to begin the awesome task of choosing a successor to Peter's throne.

In this week's LIFE, 13 full-color portraits present the *papabili*—the leading candidates. One of them, LIFE says, will almost certainly be the next Pope, spiritual leader of 550 million Roman Catholics.

By age, these favored cardinals span 30 years. They represent all degrees of current Church opinion: liberals who could be expected to continue Pope John's vigorous efforts to modernize the Church; middle-of-the-roads; and at least one candidate so conservative that he forbids priests of his diocese to attend soccer games.



Decision in Rome; defiance in Alabama; demonstration in Haiti; each week LIFE focuses on the changing world we live in—on the people and ideas that shape our world. This kind of reporting has a magnetic attraction for people who care. People you like to talk to read LIFE.

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of the country, they're even lighting full regulation courses. Now you'll be able to golf at night, as well as play tennis, swim, take in a ballgame, or go to the races—all because of General Electric lighting improvements. • Whatever your business or pleasure, you'll benefit from new lighting developments at General Electric. We listed three of them on the right. Remember, light makes the difference—General Electric makes the difference in light.

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HALLSTEIN, COLUMBIA'S GRAYSON KIRK IN NEW GOWN, RUSK, MUÑOZ & KAHN  
Disney made a better mouse.

complex stemming from that poverty will be banished. He visualizes the university as the instrumentality of that brighter future, just as education has always been the classic U.S. instrumentality of progress.

Racial turmoil will scar and irreparably delay this timetable for progress. In his numerous contacts with business and professional leaders, Frank Rose has quietly pressed his view that the university is not the place to defy the law of the land. He sometimes quotes a passage from John Stuart Mill that he read in his boyhood and has embraced in his own philosophy: "Great economic and social forces flow like a tide over half-conscious people. The wise are those who foresee the coming event and seek to shape their institutions and mold the thinking of the people in accordance with the most constructive change. The unwise are those who add nothing constructive to the process, either because of ignorance on the one hand or ignorant opposition on the other."

## KUDOS

### Rite of Spring

The academic gown, once worn every day for warmth in unheated northern European universities, needs resting every 50 years or so to keep academe from feeling too stodgy. Last week, at graduation, Columbia showed its new doctoral dress. Slate grey with a facing of black velvet replaces the black that is customary in the U.S. A four-cornered soft tam with a gold tassel replaces the stiff mortarboard. The university thoughtfully advised academic plumage-watchers to note the border of the hood for "the color indicating the discipline to which the degree pertains: arts and letters, including journalism, white; theology, scarlet; law, purple; medicine,

green; philosophy, dark blue; science, yellow; architecture and the fine arts, brown; music, pink; dentistry, lilac; engineering, orange; pharmacy, olive; business, drab; library service, lemon; education, light blue; international affairs, peacock blue; social work, citron."

With that polychromatic reminder, the season for kudos was on. As usual, a few honorary degrees seemed like favors for native sons, a few like come-ons for endowment money, a few like means of publicizing an obscure school by honoring a name larger than its own. A certain amount of academic backslapping was noticeable, the kind C. P. Snow had in mind in *The Affair* when he wrote, "Cambridge dons are not distinguished men. They are just men who confer distinctions upon one another." Yet most honorary degrees are the well-earned accolades of an open society to men of merit. Noteworthy last week:

#### Brown University

SIR DAVID ORMSBY GORE, British Ambassador to the U.S. . . . . . I.L.D.

#### California State Colleges

JOHN F. KENNEDY, President of the U.S. . . . . . I.L.D.

*He has, with great courage, confronted the issue of survival of civilization and of freedom for our people and all peoples.*

#### Catholic University

ROBERT I. GANNON, S.J., former president of Fordham University . . . . . L.H.D.

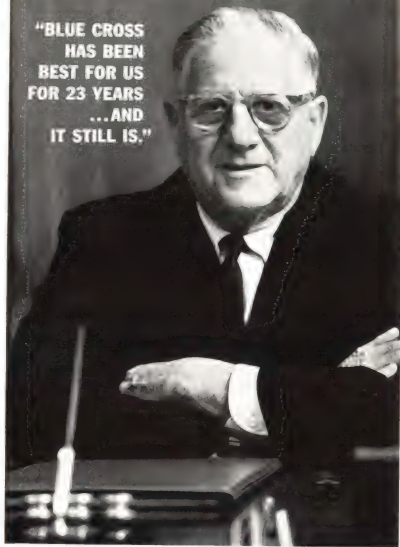
#### Colby College

EARI WARREN, Chief Justice of the U.S. . . . . . I.L.D.

#### Columbia University

HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG, editor, author, diplomat . . . . . I.L.D.  
WALTER HALLSTEIN, president of the European Economic Community . . . . . I.L.D.  
LUIS MUÑOZ MARIN, Governor, Com-

**"BLUE CROSS  
HAS BEEN  
BEST FOR US  
FOR 23 YEARS  
...AND  
IT STILL IS."**



**NATHAN STIX, President of the United States Shoe Corporation**

"In meeting the financial expense programs of our employees, Blue Cross has shown the special tendency to people and their needs. This has been brought to your attention particularly in the way benefits are provided. Employees get their benefits as actual hospital care that's covered. If that's not a benefit, get any physician or hospital. Sometime they get the Blue Cross membership card that's recognized anywhere they may become sick or injured. Blue Cross' efficient demonstration program shows all employees and their families the best." (Over 10 million people now have Blue Cross protection arranged through groups. Ask your local Blue Cross Plan for the facts.)

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monwealth of Puerto Rico.....I.L.D.  
DEAN RUSK, Secretary of State.....I.L.D.  
MUHAMMAD ZAFRULLA KHAN, President, U.N. 17th General Assembly.....I.L.D.  
*You have helped the West to know the East in a world grown suddenly small.*

**Curry College**

JOSEPH C. CRESCIO, former captain of detectives, Massachusetts state police, who rounded up 18 bank robbers in 1950-51.....Sc.D.

**Franklin and Marshall College**

ROY E. LARSEN, chairman, Executive Committee, Time Inc.....L.H.D.

*He exemplifies in his many activities the modern public-spirited man at his best, the distinguished practical man of affairs, politissimus propriis humanitatis artibus.*

WILLIAM W. SCRANTON, Governor of Pennsylvania.....I.L.D.

*Applauded by a national audience admiring (and envious of) his virtuosity on the dance floor, respected by political supporters and foes alike for the skill and understanding—even the austerity—with which he conducts governmental affairs, he comes to his high office thoroughly trained in the requirements and the responsibilities of the man in public office.*

**Howard University**

LANGSTON HUGHES, poet.....Lit.D.  
SAMUEL M. NABRIT, president, Texas Southern University.....Sc.D.

**Illinois College**

JAMES A. VAN ALLEN, physicist.....Sc.D.  
*Explorer of infinite space whose name is written in the heavens.*

**Manhattanville College  
of the Sacred Heart**

FRANK H. BOWLES, president, College Entrance Examination Board.....I.L.D.

**Marquette University**

NATHAN M. PUSEY, president, Harvard University.....I.L.D.  
GEORGE BAGSHAW HARRISON, Shakespearean scholar.....Lit.D.

**Mount Holyoke College**

U THANT, Secretary-General of the United Nations.....I.L.D.  
*First citizen of the world.*

**Nasson College**

ANDREW WYETH, painter.....D.F.A.  
*Described as the painstaking microscopist of the familiar, we pay our respects to you for the integrity and independence of your artistic work.*

**New York University**

LIEUT. GENERAL (ret.) JAMES M. GAVIN, president, Arthur D. Little, Inc., and World War II commander of the 82nd Airborne Division.....I.L.D.  
ROBERT FRANCIS GOHLEN, president, Princeton University.....I.L.D.  
LUDWIG VON MISES, economist.....I.L.D.

*For his great scholarship, his masterly exposition of the philosophy of the free market, and his advocacy of a free society.*

**Russell Sage College**

GWENDOLEN CARTER, professor of government, Smith College, and chairman

## A black and white portrait of a man, likely a politician or public figure, wearing a dark suit, white shirt, and dark tie. He is looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. The image is cropped to focus on his upper body and face.

NATHAN STIX, *President, U.S. Shoe Corp.*

**"WE FIND BLUE SHIELD PEOPLE KNOW THEIR BUSINESS—AND OUR NEEDS."**

standing counsel in maintaining an effective program of help for doctor expenses. And we find that Blue Shield provides excellent service. The staff is helpful and friendly, answers questions, and provides a health care plan. There is a complete policy, the benefit is reasonable, and Blue Shield handles each case directly with the patient and his doctor. Blue Shield provides a plan of payment for the doctor's expenses. Blue Shield provides a plan of payment for the doctor's expenses. Blue Shield provides a plan of payment for the doctor's expenses.

Blue Shield of California

**BLUE SHIELD**<sup>®</sup>  
 a service provided by  
 National Association of Blue Shield Plans  
 NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF BLUE SHIELD PLANS, 425 NORTH MICHIGAN, CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS

*(continued)*

**"WE FIND BLUE SHIELD PEOPLE KNOW THEIR BUSINESS—AND OUR NEEDS."**

standing counsel in maintaining an effective program of help for doctor expenses. And we find that Blue Shield provides excellent service. The staff is helpful and friendly, answers questions, and provides a health care plan. There is enough going on, however, that Blue Shield handles each case directly with the patient and his doctor. Blue Shield doesn't place its agents in hospitals, making it the kind of plan that's best for people. Furthermore, the amount Blue Shield provides increases the year for the

## BLUE SHIELD



NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF BLUE SHIELD PLANS, 425 NORTH MICHIGAN, CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS



## PROBLEM

Provide crisp, healthful  
cooling for any room in  
your home

*Come home to  
cool comfort!*

## SOLUTION... a YORK Room "furniture-styled" to

Now you can enjoy air conditioned comfort—and add beauty to any room—with a "furniture-styled" York Room Air Conditioner.

York has advanced the room air conditioner from "kitchen appliance" appearance to a truly decorative unit that blends with any room setting. "Furniture-styled" cabinet fronts, finished with woodgrain veneers, enhance decor... complement the beauty of your furnishings.

These optional woodgrain fronts are


available in light walnut, dark walnut and cherry to blend with your own furniture finish and styling; or you may choose the Desert Beige leatherette pattern to complement a particular room setting.

Quality air conditioning—as well as beauty—are assured when you choose a York unit! For over 75 years, York has set the pace in raising comfort standards for home, business and industry; York equipment cools many of the world's largest buildings—and this same York quality is built into every York

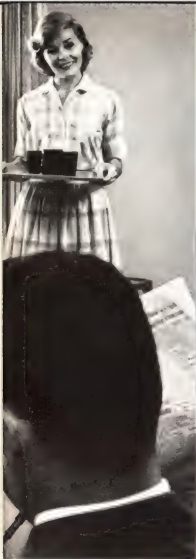
Room Air Conditioner!

**Air is filtered.** York Room Air Conditioners thoroughly filter the cooled and conditioned air... remove dust and other airborne matter that often aggravate hayfever and allergy conditions; housekeeping is made easier, too! And York's Dictate Air Grilles let you circulate cool, dehumidified air into every corner of the room... assure roomwide comfort without drafts, cold spots or wasted cooling.

**Big capacity cooling.** York engineering assures full capacity, dependable performance. Yet York Air Condi-



*Super-cooling power for larger rooms: Conqueror units from 13,200 to 18,000 BTU/hr.*



Cool typical bedroom with a 7,000 to 10,000 BTU/hr. York Room Air Conditioner.

## Air Conditioner . . . now complement your home decor!

tioners are *quiet*, vibration-free—thanks to York internal insulation and spring-mounted components. And York Fingertip Controls let you choose the climate you want . . . regulate temperature, exhaust stale air, bring in fresh air. Automatic thermostat keeps room temperature constant.

Now on display! See the 1963 York Room Air Conditioners at your York Dealer's now. Choose the size and styling that meets your needs, blends with your home decor. For name of York Dealer in your area, consult the Yellow Pages of your Telephone Directory—listed under Air Conditioners—Room.



**YORK** CORPORATION  
Subsidiary of Borg-Warner Corp.  
YORK, PENNSYLVANIA

THE QUALITY NAME IN AIR CONDITIONING AND REFRIGERATION



### ANOTHER YORK SOLUTION!



Add cooling to your present furnace! Many warm air heating systems may be easily converted by adding a York cooling unit . . . using existing fan and ductwork system.

*People who  
hate to wait...*



*have more fun*

*Travel can be full of headaches...waiting for buses, making connections, checking timetables. Unless you drive a car to call your own... a National car.*

*Why National? Fast service. Choice of lively Fords or other fine cars. Low, all-inclusive rates. Convenience... over 1,000 offices around the world. And helpful, inform-*

*ative service from National's friendly staff. All major credit cards accepted.*

*We've learned from our many businessmen customers what you need and want on the road. Let us take the bother out of travelling, whether for business or pleasure, while you enjoy the fun. Call National or your local travel agent.*

**NATIONAL  
CAR RENTAL SYSTEM**

*( IN CANADA, it's TILDEN RENT-A-CAR )*



# U.S. BUSINESS

## MONEY

### Tightening Up

The Federal Reserve System, which controls and influences the flow of money in the U.S., favors "leaning into the winds" of economic change in setting its monetary policy. For months it has kept money easy—or comparatively well circulated and cheap to borrow—in order to stimulate a lagging economy. Now that the economy is rising and has less need for easy credit, the Fed has begun to tighten the money market, and the cost of money is slowly creeping up.

The Fed has been slowly raising rates by sopping up lendable funds; since November it has reduced its member banks' net free reserves from \$400 million to \$162 million. One result of the tightening is that when the U.S. Treasury went to make a short-term borrowing in the money market last week, it had to offer an interest rate of more than 3% for the first time in three years. Bankers both at home and in Europe expect the Fed next to raise its discount rate, upon which almost all loan rates are based, from 3% to 3½% or even more.

**Piecemeal Palliatives.** The gradual shift is the culmination of a months-long debate within the Fed's powerful twelve-man Open Market Committee about the value of tighter v. easier money. Chicago's George W. Mitchell, with the enthusiastic backing of Congress, argued that low interest rates are still needed to stimulate the economy and that stiffer rates might cut off an economic rise. New York Federal Reserve Bank President Alfred Hayes, with the support of Fed Chairman William McChesney Martin Jr., contended that higher rates are needed to help solve another major worry: the continuing outflow of U.S. gold, which has been aggravated by the great number of foreigners who borrow money at low U.S. interest rates and take it home.

Victory for the tighter-money faction—which has resulted so far in a barely perceptible tightening—illustrates the increasing concern about the gold outflow. The U.S. has lost \$180 million worth of gold so far this year, but its balance-of-payments deficit, which causes the gold outflow, has jumped from last year's \$2.2 billion to an annual rate of \$3.3 billion in the first quarter. Hoping to stem the flow, the U.S. has "tied" 80% of its foreign aid funds to purchases in the U.S., induced its allies to buy more of their military gear in the U.S. and improvised a complicated system of currency swaps with foreign countries to protect the dollar from crisis. But most foreign economists write these measures off as piecemeal palliatives that only delay a real, long-term solution. Even the man who

WALTER BENNETT



HAYES



ROOSA



MITCHELL

Half a solution is better than none.

engineered these moves, highly regarded Treasury Under Secretary Robert Roosa, admits that "more fundamental correctives are necessary."

**More to Lend.** The Administration has flatly turned down such solutions as devaluing the dollar (by doubling the price of gold and thus doubling the face value of U.S. gold reserves), imposing controls on capital movements and restricting imports or U.S. private investment abroad. Raising the interest rates (which are lower in the U.S. than in any other big industrial country) would help, but is only half a solution: while foreign governments are usually scared off by higher interest rates, private foreign businessmen tend to borrow wherever they can get the money—and the U.S. has more money to lend abroad than all the European countries combined.

Searching for a broader solution, the Administration realizes that it must somehow induce its affluent allies to shoulder a greater part of the foreign

aid bill and that it must stimulate U.S. exports, which have declined from 30% of the world total in 1954 to 24% lately. One answer would be a subsidy or special tax write-off plan for exporters, but the Administration is counting on its proposed tax cut to make U.S. industry more productive and competitive in world markets.

## BUSINESS LAW

### Tobacco's Bout with Cancer

Edwin Green was a Florida construction executive who smoked one or two packs of Lucky Strikes daily for most of his adult life and died in 1958, at the age of 49, of lung cancer. His widow and son sued for \$1,500,000 damages from the American Tobacco Co., maker of Luckies. Last week, after the claim had been struck down by a district court and a federal appeals court, the Florida Supreme Court handed down an "advisory opinion" that both the manufacturer and the distributor of cigarettes can indeed be held liable for damages.

The entire \$8 billion-a-year U.S. tobacco industry shuddered, and stocks of the five major cigarette makers slipped by 2% to 3% in the two days after the Florida ruling. In similar damage cases elsewhere, the courts have been trending against the cigarette companies. At first, courts from Massachusetts to Louisiana threw out the damage claims; then last November a federal district court jury in Pittsburgh found that Chesterfields (Liggett & Myers) had been "one of the causes" of lung cancer in a suing carpenter, but absolved the company on grounds that the smoker had knowingly assumed the risk. The Florida court went much farther, ruling that American Tobacco's very act of marketing and advertising contained an "implied warranty" that cigarettes are safe.

If the decision stands after future appeals, it could open all the cigarette companies to damage claims from Florida lung cancer victims or their heirs and set an influential, though not inflexible, precedent that courts in other states will refer to. Says Chester Inwald, general counsel of the National



Association of Tobacco Distributors: "What the cigarette companies will have to contend with is the ghost of advertisements long past, which claimed such things as 'nose, throat and accessory organs are not adversely affected.'" But lawyers do not think that the Florida ruling could be used as a basis for cirrhosis victims to sue whisky distillers, or cholesterol-clogged heart patients to sue dairy companies. Reason: No court has ever held that such products are harmful.

But Detroit has happily succumbed to one trend: the growing U.S. love of sports cars. Noticing the eagerness of customers for making the family car look as much like a sports car as possible with such extras as bucket seats and floor gearshifts, the automakers are speeding ahead with more straightforward sports cars for 1964.

At the New York World's Fair next April, Ford will introduce a four-passenger sports car that will cost less than \$2,500 (v. about \$4,500 for the Chevrolet Corvette and Studebaker Avanti, already on the market); it will have the long hood and short rear-end characteristic of Britain's top-selling sports cars. Chevrolet expects to be in the showrooms late next spring with a rear-engine sports car built on the low-priced Corvair chassis with a sleek, sloping rear end (called a fastback in Detroit). By then, the aggressive Pontiac Division also intends to be out with a sports car of its own, named the Tempest GTO to ride on the prestige of the red-hot Italian Ferrari's GTO. Finally, by the beginning of the 1965 model year, Chrysler will have its own sports car ready for action.

**Into Intermediate.** General Motors figures that it has another trend spotted in the sales success of Ford's intermediate-sized Fairlane, which is in a niche between the compacts and standard-sized cars. G.M.'s Chevrolet Division is readying an elegant, all-new intermediate car that it is tentatively calling the Chevelle. Buick, Oldsmobile and Pontiac will upgrade their compacts to intermediate size, making many of their parts interchangeable with those of the Chevelle. Ford, on the other hand, is apparently tired of the trend it started: it will drop the intermediate Meteor from its Mercury lineup and give the Fairlane only a minor styling uplift.

Some of Detroit's 1964 offerings will be changed simply because their styling has been around too long. The four-year-old Falcon will lose its rounded look for more angular lines, and the Comet will look sleeker and longer. The plump Thunderbird will be completely restyled to give it le-n-looking body lines. The Rambler American will grow four inches, look more like the larger Rambler models. Chrysler's Imperial will resemble the Lincoln Continental—and Detroit is hardly surprised. After all, new Chrysler Stylist Elwood Engel came from Ford, where he was largely responsible for the Lincoln.

## AVIATION

### Committed to a Supersonic

Addressing the graduating class of the U.S. Air Force Academy last week, President Kennedy dropped into his speech a new section that had not been in the text issued the day before. Said the President: "I'm announcing today that the United States will commit itself to develop a commercially successful

supersonic transport superior to that being built in any other country in the world."

**Advised by Lindbergh.** Though a presidential decision on the SST had been expected, Kennedy's timing was obviously triggered by what he called "competition from across the Atlantic." Only the day before, Pan American World Airways' crafty President Juan Trippe, 63, announced that he had ordered six supersonic Concorde from a government-sponsored Anglo-French consortium. The needle-nosed Concorde will fly at Mach 2.2 (or 2.2 times the speed of sound), are expected to enter commercial service in 1968. (Trippe went after the Concorde at the urging of Pan Am's distinguished aviation consultant, Charles A. Lindbergh.)

Kennedy was vague on details about the U.S. supersonic project, but what he did say sounded encouraging to U.S. industry leaders. He called for an open competition among U.S. airframe and engine makers to design an SST that would fly at "the end of the '60s at a speed faster than Mach 2." Kennedy is expected to ask Congress this summer for a supplemental appropriation of \$100 million or more to get the program started at once. The total development costs for an SST may run as high as \$2 billion, most of which will be advanced by the Government.

**Lost Chances.** By dragging its feet for more than two years, the Administration has already lost any chance of putting a U.S. supersonic into commercial service before the Concorde. Even to put a supersonic into service by 1970, the U.S. must gear up a crash program—and crash programs are notoriously costly and inefficient. The irony of the U.S.'s lag is that if Eisenhower and Kennedy had not clipped the B-70 supersonic bomber program, the U.S. would be far in front in the supersonic race, could have adapted a commercial jetliner from the military prototype.

But the new U.S. effort received an

SEN. WATKINS



PAN AM'S TRIPPE

Breaking the sound barrier.

## SOME '64s



CHEVELLE



THUNDERBIRD



COMET CALIENTE



IMPERIAL

## AUTOS

### A Year for Sports Cars

If a contest were held among Detroit's 1964 models, the prize for the styling quirk of the year would probably go to Buick and Oldsmobile. When they tried to put a forward-facing third seat in the rear of their Special and F-85 station wagons, the seat wound up perched on top of the rear axle—up so high that there was not headroom enough for a midjet. General Motors' solution: raising half of the roof into a vista dome, a move that gives Buick and Oldsmobile the distinction of having the first station wagons styled like a Scenicruiser Greyhound bus.

**Adopting a Trend.** Among the rest of Detroit's 1964 models, the changes are not so dramatic. Automakers have had two good sales years in a row, and they are wary of monkeying too much with what seems to be a good formula.

unintentional boost from the Concorde consortium, which has set up a cozy delivery plan under which only Air France, BOAC and Pan Am will receive the first 18 planes. Since production of the 18 will probably run well into 1969, the U.S. may be able to deliver its SST to the rest of the world's airlines almost as soon as the consortium can, thus capture a good part of the market and hopefully help to repay a big part of the Government's costs.

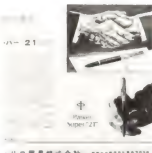
## CORPORATIONS

### Penmaker to the World

Along with the Coca-Cola bottle, the Singer sewing machine and the Willys Jeep, the Parker pen ranks as one of the best-known symbols of the U.S. around the world. Parker's shapely "51" pens signed the Japanese and the German surrender agreements after World War II, the Korean cease-fire at Panmunjon and the Japanese Peace Treaty. Truman, Attlee and Stalin used a Parker to sign the Potsdam agreement, and Khrushchev flew home with a supply of Parkers after his shoe-slapping U.N. visit three years ago. In developing nations, where the fight against illiteracy is constantly creating the need for more pens, a Parker pen is one of the status symbols of the educated man.

The Parker Pen Co. of Janesville, Wis., is busy taking advantage of this worldwide renown with a lively spirit that belies its 75 years. It deliberately ignores national boundaries in its planning, now does two-thirds of its business overseas in 156 nations. "We are a company of the world which happens to have its headquarters in the U.S.," says President Daniel Parker, 38, the grandson of Founder George Parker. Since he took over three years ago, hard-driving Dan Parker has given up his sports-car racing hobby in favor of 19-hour working days (with an occasional five-minute nap). Under him the company has pushed its sales to record levels (\$43.3 million last year) and, best of all, has won the race against rising costs: its earnings last year jumped 16%, to \$3,600,000.

**Lucky Curve.** Founder George Parker was a telegraphy teacher back in 1888 when he became tired of the primitive fountain pens of the day and invented a pen of his own. His business surged after he developed the "lucky curve"—a curved ink-feeding device that prevented ink from leaking when the pen was stored upright in a user's pocket. He kept adding technical improvements, caught the public fancy with such gimmicks as the showy orange and black Duofold pen that became the raccoon coat of the pen industry in the 1920s, and soon was leading all the world's penmakers in sales—a distinction his company still holds. Over the years since then, his company has introduced the first pen with a metal cap, the first pen that could fly (could be used in an airplane without leaking),



PARKER'S JAPANESE AD

and the first pen ever to fill itself (by capillary action).

Founder Parker boasted that his pens could write in any language, but after World War II, under his son Kenneth, the company was slow to read some handwriting on the wall. It consisted of one word: ballpoints. "The ballpoint pen," said Kenneth Parker at the time, "is the only pen that makes eight carbon copies without an original." Parker finally got into ballpoints in 1954 after developing what it considered a good point. Luckily, it was shored up meantime by the success of the "51," which was introduced in 1941 and is still the world's bestselling pen in the over-\$5 category (total sales of the "51" are approaching \$500 million).

**One Problem.** Parker pens sell for as high as \$150, but the bestseller right now is the \$1.98 "T-Ball Jotter," of which nearly 50 million have been sold. Ballpoints now account for nearly 40% of Parker sales, and their sales are rising faster than fountain pen sales; but the company feels that there will always be a big market for the fountain pen, particularly overseas. When countries raised high import barriers to protect local penmakers, Parker set up local subsidiaries and licensed manufacturers in 21 nations. Now well past the high cost of developing the ballpoint and setting up overseas operations, Parker has only one big problem. That, says Dan Parker, is increasing its production fast enough to keep up with the expanding world demand for pens.

## LABOR

### Trouble with the Agency

In two separate and unanimous decisions last week the U.S. Supreme Court dashed organized labor's high hopes for its favorite device to circumvent the right-to-work laws that now forbid union shop contracts in 20 states: the agency shop.

Unlike union shops, in which all workers at a company are forced to join a union, the agency shop allows those who do not wish to join to pay a service fee equal to union dues. The fee ostensibly covers these workers' share of the collective bargaining cost. Four years ago, when an Indiana court ruled that the state's right-to-work law did not prohibit agency-shop contracts, labor



BURMESE AD



DAN PARKER



JANESVILLE ASSEMBLY LINE  
ignoring national boundaries.

leaders saw the chance to set up such shops in other right-to-work states. Twelve of the state right-to-work laws specifically ban agency shops as well as union shops, but labor hoped to use the agency in the remaining seven states despite the opposition of the attorney general in each state.

In one decision, which by itself was a victory for the unions, the Supreme Court last week found against General Motors and declared that agency shops are not illegal in all states. But in the other, the court ruled that a state court in Florida—where agency shops are not strictly prohibited by law—had the right to interpret the state's right-to-work law to mean that the agency shop is illegal. The Supreme Court thus said, in effect, that agency shops are legal only in states that do not object to them—which at present means only Indiana among right-to-work states.

Union leaders do not intend to give up, have spotted an opening to start their next battle on the issue. In its remarks in the Florida case, the court objected to unions charging the nonunion workers involved a service fee that was equal to union dues, which cover union services beyond collective bargaining. What if the agency-shop contract was modified to call for fees that are less than union dues? The labor leaders aim to find out.

# WORLD BUSINESS

## COMMON MARKET

### The Chicken War

After a recent visit to the U.S., West Germany's Minister without Portfolio Heinrich Krone returned to Bonn with a telling assessment of official Washington's mood. Said Krone: "Everyone is preoccupied with Cuba, Berlin, Laos—and chickens." Konrad Adenauer confided not long ago that he and President Kennedy have had voluminous correspondence during the past two years, "and I guess that about half of it has been about chickens." Last week the cause of all this chicken talk—tariffs—took an unexpected turn. Into effect throughout the Common Market went a raised tariff on imports of U.S. chickens—just when the U.S. thought that the levy was about to be lowered.

The Common Market levy threatens to close U.S. poultry farmers' richest export market. In a broader sense, the chicken tariff has become the test of whether the Common Market really wants freer trade with the U.S. After Europeans—and chiefly the Germans—began developing a taste for chicken five years ago, U.S. exports rose spectacularly, reaching \$28 million in 1962's first six months. Then the great chicken war opened when the Common Market, spurred by its own poultry raisers, last year began raising the tariff on U.S. chickens to cut the heavy flow. Result: U.S. exports have since declined 67%. American representatives scooted across Europe to lobby for rescinding the increases, thought that they had convinced the Common Market to do so when the new hike came (from 13¢ to 14.25¢ per lb.).

Behind the hike were the French, who introduced the higher tariff and persuaded the Germans to go along with it. But German poultry farmers have little to thank the French for; by cutting off the U.S., the French hope to win a greater share of the lucrative German chicken market for their own poultry farmers. The U.S. has asked the Common Market to start negotiations later this month aimed at setting aside the increase. If the negotiations fail, the U.S. is legally entitled under GATT to retaliate against Common Market imports—a step that would give it little satisfaction and might permanently cancel the opportunity for many American chickens to take a trip to Europe.

## BRITAIN

### Everything Is Schwell

The English have been drinking something with the un-British name of Schweppes ever since a Swiss by the name of Schwegge went to Britain and began to make an artificial mineral water in 1794. Schweppes quinine tonic water, introduced in the 1860s, followed the flag of empire around the world.



GERMANS IN SUPERMARKET  
Fowl blow.

But it was not until ten years ago that it arrived in force in the U.S., where it has become highly popular as a drink mixer. Schweppes's overseas sales, in fact, will match sales in Britain this year for the first time and, in what amounts to a celebration, the firm is introducing a new drink in the U.S.: Bitter Lemon.

Top of the Pyramid. Though it is probably the world's oldest soft-drink firm, Britain's Schweppes Ltd. is a greater mix than most non-Britons realize. In all, it markets 40 product groups, from Rose's Lime Juice, lemon barley squash and phosphoric tonic wine to jelly, jams, canned foods and Christmas pudding. But tonic is the mainstay, and Sir Frederick Hooper, a onetime botany student who became the firm's managing director in 1948, has combined shrewd marketing and sophisticated advertising to make it a mass-seller in more than 70

nations. Bitter Lemon, which already outsells tonic in Britain—Schweppes people like to say that it has schweppet the island—is a concoction containing ground lemons, quinine and secret essence. Schweppes hopes that it will be used as a year-round mixer or as an "esoteric soft drink" for adults.

Schweppes keeps an eagle eye on its 150 franchised bottlers around the world (61 in the U.S.), sending them the essence and forcing them to air-ship samples of ingredients and products to England for testing. At the same time, the company carefully oversees advertising and leans toward stylish copy. "We start at the top of the pyramid," says one executive, "because we know the levels underneath will follow the people immediately above."

Engaging Walrus. Schweppes is pleased by the American publicity success of bearded Commander Whitehead, who actually spends most of his time as the busy head of Schweppes (U.S.A.), but it carefully varies its approach in other countries. It concentrates on cool sophisticated elegance for France, where tonic with a twist of lemon has won wide popularity as an *apéritif*. It emphasizes straight quality in Spain, where the haughty wealthy are sure of their status in a stratified class system and would resent any implication that one could raise his social standing by drinking tonic.

Schweppes had gotten soft when Hooper took over, and the company refers to the new spirit that he brought as "Hooperesque." Under his rule, profits after taxes went from \$756,000 in 1953 to \$4.8 million last year. But the "engaging walrus"—as the *Observer* once called him—will not be around much longer. At 70, Hooper next New Year's Day will step down in favor of Harold Watkinson, 53, a former Tory Defense Minister. Watkinson's name will be a severe test for the Schweppesque men. In any case, things are going so well for the company that he is not expected to make any schwepping changes.

## ITALY

### Two-Timing the Seven Sisters

Not long after he took over Italy's giant state-owned petroleum monopoly E.N.I. last fall, scholarly Marcello Boldrini, 73, closed a deal to buy crude oil from Esso. His move spurred speculation that E.N.I. might be turning away from its Russian oil suppliers to resume a romance with the "seven sisters"—the name that his predecessor, the late Enrico Mattei, used to describe the big Western-owned oil companies. Last week, after Boldrini returned home from a week's visit in Moscow, it was clear that E.N.I. intends to keep right on doing business with the Russians.


Though Boldrini kept mum about his



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Moscow negotiations, the betting in Italy is that E.N.I. is working to extend the four-year agreement, which expires in 1965, by which it gets 3,000,000 tons of petroleum a year from Russia. The Russians certainly are not hesitant, since E.N.I. is by far their biggest commercial foreign customer. And E.N.I., which is currently building refineries in seven countries, wants Soviet oil to meet its growing demands. A diversified industrial complex as well as an oil company, E.N.I. has found trading with Russia doubly advantageous because it can barter manufactured goods for oil: 90% of the synthetic rubber from its big Ravenna petrochemical plant went to Russia last year, and so did a wide assortment of its pumps, compressors and other machines. In a little-publicized deal, E.N.I. has also designed and is equipping a combined ammonia-methanol plant in Tula, an industrial town near Moscow.

Actually, Boldrini and E.N.I. have the Russians over something of an oil barrel. With the Esso deal behind him, Boldrini bluntly warned the Russians not to raise the price of their crude, which costs him \$1.15 per barrel v. \$1.50 for oil from most Western companies. But Boldrini got at least a 20% discount from Esso, and there are signs that Shell and British Petroleum may be ready to do business with him. Obviously Boldrini is applying the tactic, used so masterfully by Mattei, of playing off the West and East to the advantage of E.N.I.

## FRANCE

### Philosophers of the Auto

How a company as stubborn, as indifferent to popular tastes, as arbitrary and as nonconformist as France's automaking Citroën could survive in the 20th century is perhaps the single most amazing aspect of the extraordinary firm. In a style-conscious country, Citroën produces some of the ugliest ducklings in the auto world—and sometimes leaves them unchanged for 20 years or more. It practically never advertises in France, maintains super-secrecy about itself, and arrogantly sniffs at its competitors' concern for style and their methods of hurried obsolescence. Yet the appetite for Citroën cars is so insatiable that the company last week stretched out the waiting time for delivery of some of its models from two to three months. Says one Citroën executive: "Other carmakers have customers, but we have fanatics."

**Menacing Dogs.** The fanatics have made Citroën France's second biggest automaker (after nationalized Renault), with expected sales this year of some 450,000 vehicles worth more than \$600 million. They have been attracted by what makes Citroën what it is: a devotion to research and engineering that has endowed its peculiar-looking cars with countless ingenious features. Its research department is the absolute master in deciding what a car will be like,



EIFFEL TOWER (1925)

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BERCOT



CITROËN'S DS-19

gets whatever it wants in staff or appropriations. Pursuing what it calls "functional esthetics," Citroën slowly builds the innards for roadability, ride and dependability, then designs the body around them. "A mask concealing what is inside cannot create true beauty," says a Citroën designer, "because true beauty is reality."

Many of the company's designers are aeronautical engineers who constantly test designs in wind tunnels and work in a cloak-and-dagger atmosphere. Two high walls block out Citroën's proving grounds in Normandy, and the no man's land between them is patrolled by menacing dogs and guards. The only nonresearch employee who may enter without a special pass signed by three persons is a conservative economist, Pierre Bercot, 59, who is Citroën's president.

**Disposable Parts.** Research was also the passion of the company's founder, André Citroën, a high-living production and promotion wizard who revamped France's sluggish artillery-shell plants in World War I, later introduced Henry Ford's mass-production techniques to begin his auto firm. He advertised with songs and skywriting, once had the Eiffel Tower strung with 250,000 lights that spelled CITROËN. But he spent even more lavishly on development and the Deauville gaming tables, lost control of the company to the more staid and highly secretive Tiresmaker Michelin in 1934, and died heartbroken within a year.

The company kept right on riding on André Citroën's road of radical research and development. When Citroën's tiny, square-nosed Deux Chevaux model made its debut 15 years ago, many people refused to ride in the "four wheels covered by an umbrella," and wags said that a can opener was needed to

get in and out. But 1,500,000 Frenchmen have bought it—and are still buying it (current price: \$1,055). For one thing, they like its "disposable" qualities: when a motorist scrunches up a fender, he can simply toss it away, screw on another one for a total cost of \$20. Slightly more luxurious but no handsomer than the Deux Chevaux is Citroën's \$1,350 AMI-6, whose slablike roof rests atop a grinning front end, and whose rear end—thanks to a remarkable suspension system—levels automatically after a front wheel encounters a bump.

**Royal Disdain.** Citroën's star is the shovel-nosed, short-tailed DS-19 (\$2,727 in France), whose odd shape is aerodynamically designed to cut wind resistance. The favorite car of French Cabinet ministers and the preferred getaway car of French bank robbers, it easily guns up to 100 m.p.h., but hugs the road with its front-wheel drive and can stop on a franc with its two separate sets of brakes. The company is now experimenting for many years ahead, working on turbine engines and a radar ride control that will scan the road ahead and adjust the suspension system to any coming bumps.

Quiet, intense President Bercot is against exporting too many of his cars (too many expenses, too many compromises), does not think much of Detroit's proliferation of models. "We think offering a wide variety of models is too easy a solution," he said last week. "It is intellectually easy, and builders who take this way out are taking the easy way. Our concern is to offer the best possible car for the widest range of clients." Citroën is so confident of its philosophical approach to building autos that it even refers to one of its popular cars as "Descartes in nuts and bolts."



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from TIME Publisher's Letter



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## Mummy Flummery

The List of Adrian Messenger. After checking an ominous 72-lb. suitcase onto a transatlantic airliner, the kindly old vicar toddles into the men's room at London Airport. But instead of washing his face, he takes it off. He squeezes out his contact eyeball covers, eases out his teeth, removes his grey wig, strips off his forehead and nose like so much tired bubble gum. And quicker than the audience can gasp "Kirk Douglas!", Kirk Douglas starts redisplaying himself as a dapper diplomat. From here on, *The List of Adrian Messenger* becomes less a suspense movie than a guessing game: Who, among the assorted gypsies, crippled pensioners, organ grinders and ban-the-



CURTIS? SINATRA? LANCASTER? MITCHUM?  
*Beneath the false faces, the murderer.*

fox-hunt ladies, are really Burt Lancaster, Tony Curtis, Frank Sinatra and Robert Mitchum?

All the peeling and pasting is part of disentangling the mystery of Messenger's list: ten names of men who have met "accidental" deaths. Messenger himself cannot help: just after making the list, he blows up with the plane carrying the vicar's valise. Detective George C. Scott, in a mustache that makes him rather resemble Keenan Wynn, labors manfully, and in the end tracks down the despicable arranger of the accidents and even terrifies out his horrid motive.

The viewer keeps hoping that Messenger is another of Director John Huston's deadpan spoofs, like *Beat the Devil*; but it turns out to be only a tribute to the art of Makeup Man Bud Westmore. After the killer has been hooked and *The End* comes on the screen, a voice shouts: "Hold it! Stop! That's the end of the picture—but it's not the end of the mystery." And for what seems like ten minutes of the most crashing anticlimax to ever climax an anti-

DETAIL FROM A MOSAIC FOUND IN THE TULLA OF THE PATRONS AT POMPEII.



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Now under our economic system, there are three sources of new "tool" money for private industry. They are: (1) **Equity capital** invested by owners or stockholders. (2) **Borrowed capital** provided by loans or bond issues, and (3) **Profits** that can be plowed back into the business. (Money set aside for **depreciation** helps replace worn out equipment but doesn't buy tools for new jobs.)

However, without adequate profits—or the reasonable anticipation of them—no company can continue very long to acquire either equity capital or borrowed capital. So profits are the key to the whole "tool" money situation.

If we are to continue to provide the additional jobs which our growing U.S. labor force requires—and continue to increase our nation's productivity—adequate profits for American industry are an absolute must.

YOUR COMMENTS INVITED. Write: President  
Union Oil Company of California, Union Oil  
Center, Los Angeles 17, California.

## Union Oil Company of California

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max, the incognito cameo players peel off their makeup. Shucks, with those ears for clues, anybody could have guessed which one was Sinatra all the time.

## Such a Business

Come Blow Your Horn is a comedy of props. Frank Sinatra's Manhattan apartment, which seems to have been decorated on a dare by a Playboy Club Bunny, has more doors than Mother Hubbard's cupboard, all with the wrong people on the other side. And for telephones Frank has a red one, a black one, a Princess, an antique French, a Swedish one-piece, and a mobile unit in the Buick, all with the wrong people on the other end of the line.

In this den of doubletalk and doubletake, Playboy Sinatra struggles against his moshack parents (Molly Picon and Lee J. Cobb) to put a long-overdue end to the shocking innocence of his kid brother, Tony Bill. At 21, and out of college, Tony is just a nice Jewish kid who has never tasted a martini or smoked a cigarette or—it would seem—kissed a girl. He comes to live with Frank and get made over in the Sinatra image: a wardrobe of silk suits, spread-collar shirts, pointy shoes, and a set of attitudes that includes a taste for doxies and fancy harbers. Papa Cobb takes it pretty hard, but his highest loyalty is to his stomach. Peering into the refrigerator, he recoils at the sight of all the foil-wrapped leftovers, cries: "This ain't an icebox, it's an aluminum mine!"

## When the Mouse Is Away . . .

In the Cool of the Day, The women are all cats in this picture—possibly because the men are all mice. Peter Finch meekly lives with the wife he loathes; he's afraid she'll kill herself if he walks out. Arthur Hill meekly marries a girl who cannot give him sex; she's got lung trouble and shouldn't risk the excitement. The cats make cruel sport of their victims. Angela Lansbury, Finch's wife, viciously insinuates that he is not the father of her son. Jane Fonda, Hill's wife, goes prowling around Manhattan in search of "life"—which in her case may mean death.

Any fool can see that this situation contains the elements of Greek tragedy. Only a big Hollywood producer like John Houseman could see that it contains the elements of Greek travelogue. Jane, a competent mouse, soon discovers Finch, who happens to be an old friend of her husband's. To catch him, she makes a sly suggestion: let's all four of us go off to Greece for a vacation together. Hill can't go, and in Athens Angela runs off with a traveling salesman. That leaves Jane and Finch to carry on. They try to. But for about 40 minutes, in the middle of the film, Producer Houseman really makes them go through Hellas (Mount Olympus, Delphi, Parnassus, the Parthenon). Every time Jane and Finch get set to nuzzle, somebody runs in and hollers: "Hurry



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FONDA & FINCH IN "COOL"  
So is the cat.

up, we're going to the Peloponnese!"

Well, finally, the only place left to go is bed. The mood music surges ecstatically up and away. Two days later Jane is dead. It's obvious to the audience that the music is what killed her, but Peter figures he's to blame. Jane's husband, of all people, tries to reassure him, and at this point, a silly picture becomes slightly sickening. The husband is naturally upset about his wife's death, but he doesn't really mind about her and Finch. Anything for a friend.

## Skeleton in Tulle

**Hand in the Trap.** Once upon a wedding night, a bride hid from her husband. She hid in a wooden chest that was shaped like a coffin—and then, to her horror, found that she could not lift the lid. She called and called, but no one could hear her. They looked and looked, but no one could find her. Twenty years later, they found what was left of her: a skeleton in tulle.

A grisly fable. It is known to folklore as "The Bride of Modena," and it is elaborated with decadent exuberance in this gloomy picture of provincial life in Argentina. The bride of the film is an innocent young woman seduced and then abandoned by her lover (Francisco Rabal). Her coffin is the room in which she shuts herself forever, a prisoner of pride. Twenty years later, her lover finds what is left of her. At the sight of him, she dies of shock. At the sight of her, he shrugs—and casually seduces her innocent young niece (Elsa Daniel). As the film ends, the story seems to be beginning again.

Geographically, Argentina's Leopoldo Torre Nilsson and Sweden's Ingmar Bergman are poles apart; esthetically, the two directors are quite close. Both record the contortions of provincial puritanism in a style of sensuous opulence. Torre Nilsson is less intense and less profound, but he has something vivid and ironic to say about a society in which women are fenced like cattle and cattle are allowed to run free.



May 10 1963

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## BOOKS

### Lord of Language

THE GIFT (378 pp.)—Vladimir Nabokov—Putnam (\$5.95).

Vladimir Nabokov has the gift of tongues—specifically Russian and English. Famed for his novels in his second tongue (notably *Pale Fire* and ), Nabokov has now released the English translation (which is partly his own) of *The Gift*, which is the last novel he



VLADIMIR NABOKOV  
Full of gratuitous delights.

wrote—26 years ago—in his native Russian. Without being a great book, it is clearly a book by a great writer; each sentence delights the ear or some area of the mind.

Nabokov's young hero is very like the young Nabokov. Count Fyodor Godunov-Cherdyntsev is in his early 20s, living in exile in Berlin, struggling not to be crippled by memories of the ancient family estate in Leshino, and trying to get his poetry and prose published in impoverished émigré magazines. His sister marries and leaves for Paris; he meets and falls in love with Zina, a remotely fragile German girl. All of this is simple, and corresponds roughly to the facts of Nabokov's own life.

But from the first page, the reader is off fiction's flatlands into Nabokov's magic world. His aristocratic Fyodor is a lord of language, and this patrimony cannot be expropriated.

*The Gift* is full of the gratuitous delights that a child finds in toys or picture books. Fyodor, like most young men who want to make their name and make love in the same breath, is a bit of a fool. In one wonderful scene his clothes are stolen as he polishes his poetry and sunbathe in a Berlin park. He would as gladly split a bottle as a hair.

His career as a one-man language school is a long parenthesis in the comedy of misunderstanding. Not only is

teacher always playing hooky from his own school, but one of his students, who is a Dickensian portrait of infatuated complacency, actually loses command of the few English phrases he started with.

Blind, Deaf Blockhead. Fyodor has no politics (except to prefer a regime where "there is no equality and no authorities either"); he does not hanker for the Return; he does not brood on the past or hope for the future. His fellow émigrés regard him as "a useless handicraftsman," a "trickster" and an "arabesque," and he in turn regards the "blind like Milton, deaf like Beethoven, and a blockhead to boot."

But Fyodor lives in a world of émigrés: their cards of identity have been canceled, the houses they built of them have collapsed. In Fyodor's mind the irony inherent in the lives of displaced persons becomes explicit: it becomes a dancing landscape, in which his private Russian past of butterflies, poetry and childhood games blurs into the hateful Berlin present of landladies, "Germanically stupid" language students, and menacing politics, as the Weimar Republic, "oppressive as a headache," clumsily shuffles toward its collapse. Fyodor's trilingual life enables Nabokov to play complicated games with the meanings of words. Fyodor is a poet, and without warning his thoughts run in poetic form: only the reader wary of Nabokov's incorrigible love of verbal conjuring will notice that whole pages printed as prose conceal rhyme schemes or blank verse and complicated prosodial measures.

Book Within a Book. As if these elements were not complicated enough, Conjuror Nabokov moves historical and fictional characters and events without giving special precedence to fact or invention. Thus the reader meets an émigré family—the literary Chernyshevskis, one of whom is "in the semi-loony bin," as he cheerfully explains. Fyodor is engaged in writing a life of their famous namesake, Nikolay Gavrilovich Chernyshevski, a philosopher and critic who was exiled to Siberia for 20 years after publication of his novel *What to Do* (later to be the title of a political work by Lenin). Fyodor's biography of Chernyshevski is given in full—it takes up Chapter 4 of *The Gift*. The subject is a real historical personage—though Fyodor's wild comic style suggests otherwise—who not only has a limited place in the Bolshevik pantheon, but was regarded with veneration by the old generation of the various pre-revolutionary socialist parties.

Fyodor caricatures this revered figure from his pimply, onanistic adolescence to his addled dotage in exile in Siberia, reading *Das Kapital* by the banks of a stream, tearing out the pages

one by one, making paper boats of them and setting them sailing into the unknown. Fyodor's fellow émigré writers are offended. One of the enraged reviewers complains that *The Life* sneers at "one of the purest and most valorous sons of liberal Russia."

All this might be discounted as a pointless fantasy like a wonderfully contrived clock with no hands, were it not for the fact, as Nabokov insists, that the real hero of *The Gift* is Russian literature. Nabokov's Fyodor belongs in the comic, fantastic world of Gogol. It is in these terms that Fyodor's caricature of Chernyshevski appears not as a caprice but as a manifesto against the "provincial and philistine" in Russian culture—a strain that is now dominant. Thus, too, Nabokov's own great achievements should be measured by his resourcefulness as a magician of words, able to rummage in a trunkful of tarnished memories and dress up a shining drama beyond the reach of time.

### Spiritual Seduction

EHRENGARD (111 pp.)—Isak Dinesen—Random House (\$3.95).

When ripples trouble the stillness of an evening pond, the motion of the water sometimes startlingly reveals the gloomy and voracious depths beneath. The stories of Danish author Isak Dinesen, who died last summer, are like that too. At their darkest, they open unforgettablely on a decadent inner world of princely passion and atavistic fear. At their lightest, they still display a fine, curlicued surface.

*Ehrengard* will disappoint only those Dinesen admirers who hoped it would be a long-awaited Italian novel which, the author once tantalizingly explained, she did not want to complete until just before her death "because people will say it is too fantastic."

Something between a slender novella and a fat short story, the book is set



ISAK DINESEN  
Almost up to promise.

# Pick a Pair

A woman with short, dark brown hair and a wide smile is holding two Budweiser beer displays. She is wearing a blue top with a gold leaf-shaped brooch. The displays are white cardboard boxes with red and blue accents, featuring the Budweiser logo and a glass of beer. The background is a solid red color.

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**NICK THIMMESCH: NEW YORK CITY** "The country's biggest city is so many other 'biggests' that it is sometimes difficult to view it as the sum of its superlative parts. It is so briskly alive with ideas, so vital in importance to itself and to the nation and the world, so dominant in so many fields that it is no longer just the megalopolis of millions of people; it is also the center of the whirlpool of America's activities. It is variety itself."

Thus does Nick Thimmesch describe the vortex of news which he helps to cover for the editors of *TIME*. New York's infinite variety calls for specialists to report on many subjects; and in its Manhattan headquarters *TIME* has many editors, reporters, and researchers who qualify as experts in a range from abstract art to zoology. Correspondent Thimmesch qualifies as an expert in variety itself. He started in journalism at 15, as a part-time sports writer in his native Dubuque. At State University of Iowa he edited the campus humor magazine, graduated into full-time reporting on the *Davenport Times*—"and in a town that size you cover everything." There was much the same diversity in his reporting in Des Moines for a year. Thanks to his book of clippings, Thimmesch was hired by Time Inc. in 1955, did general reporting for two years, then was assigned to *TIME*'s bureau in Detroit. Among his *TIME* cover stories were such poles-apart subjects as Big Industry's Robert S. McNamara (now U. S. Defense Secretary) and Big Labor's Jimmy Hoffa.

In New York Thimmesch's wide-lensed scope has taken in fashion designers, professional football players, Manhattan's burgeoning building boom, show business personalities and city and state politics. He also has a specialist's assignment: covering Governor (and Presidential-hopeful) Nelson A. Rockefeller. "For the newsmen," says Thimmesch, "New York is a guarantee of fascination and excitement—and plenty of work."

**TIME** *The Weekly Newsmagazine*



in the imaginary and chivalric German Grand Duchy of Bahenhausen, more than a century ago. Told half in the recollections of a worldly old lady, half in the florid letters of an artist to a countess of the court, Isak Dinesen's baroque tale chronicles an attempted seduction—but not of the usual sort. The artist, Herr Cazotte, has laid siege to Ehrengard (literally “guard of honor”), an innocent blonde Valkyrie serving as maid of honor to a princess in an idyllic summer court. No fleshly triumph teases him. That would be too easy. What he is after instead is a blush. And a special kind of blush at that. No rosiness such as some blunt, simple-minded fellow might force to her cheeks. “No,” writes Cazotte to his patroness, “her blood is to rise, in pride and *amour-propre* . . . in full, triumphant consent to her own perdition.” A creature of honor, she will be destroyed, though outwardly intact, by inner recognition that she has desired her own dishonor.

This is the sort of confection that only writing genius can keep from seeming half baked. Author Dinesen gets away with it, but only just. Here as always, her story creates its own magic in the telling, until she actually manages to convey a feeling that Cazotte, for all his verbal prancing, is a kind of spiritual incubus who poses a real threat to the girl. When, as often happens in Dinesen stories, raw innocence confounds soft corruption, the book induces, as if by some miracle contrary to all logic, an almost palpable sigh of relief.

This is not enough. But it will have to do—at least until Isak Dinesen's heirs and publishers get around to that Italian novel.

## All the Sad Youngmen

CITY OF NIGHT (410 pp.)—John Rechy Grove (\$5.95)

The homosexual is a contemporary cocktail-party commonplace—so much so that the phrase “He's one, you know” earns points only when it is applied to third basemen, racing drivers, and Government officials of Cabinet rank. It is tacitly conceded that serious plays must be about homosexuality unless they are about racial prejudice, that all hachelors are suspect, and men with wives and children are fooling no one either. Nobody admits to loving his mother.

Below this level of fascinated chatter is a world that the conventionally sophisticated prefer not to know. The difference is the same as between reading about leprosy in a Graham Greene novel and actually seeing a man who has no nose. John Rechy, a young (29) Texan, has written a book about homosexuality that offers a report of the male prostitute's world. Cast as a confession, it is not a novel except in form; what value it has depends on its truthfulness as eyewitness reportage. It has been wildly heralded. James Baldwin: “Rechy



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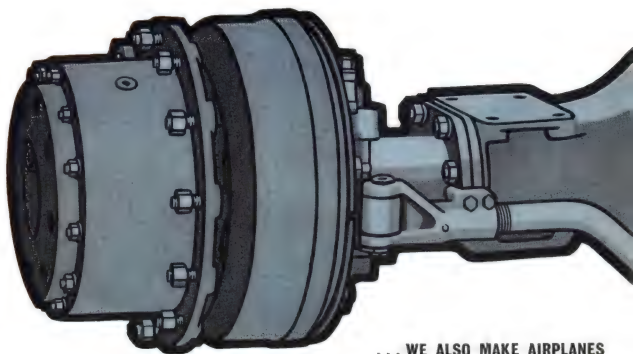
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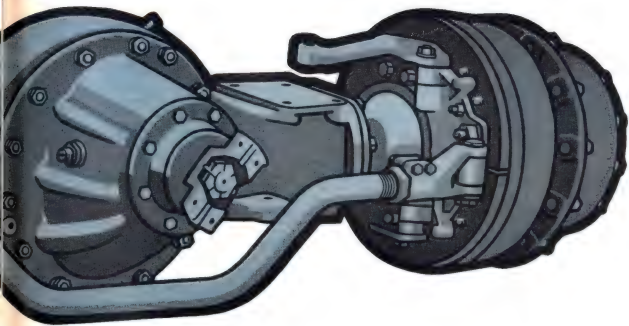
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is the most arresting young writer I've read in a very long time." Herbert Gold: "One of the most remarkable novels to appear in years."

Intentionally or not, the author has fitted his prose to his subject: the writing is foppish, runs to such *Evergreen* Review clichés as "this is clip street, hustler street—frenzied-nightactivity street." Despite such mannerisms, Rechy shows with something like objectivity the curious life of the homosexual "youngmen." There are the "queens"—men who use girls' names, feminine makeup and clothes ("drag"). There are the "stud hustlers"—male prostitutes. And the "scores"—the men who buy the favors of the stud hustlers.

The hustlers are the oddest of the lot. They do not consider themselves homosexuals because they use sex (as they believe) only to get money. Secretly they fear going over the line, and they are contemptuous of "fairies"—youngmen who give sex instead of selling it.

Some scores dwell in distant reaches of aberration that make mere sodomy seem like sound mental health. Among them are the masochists: those who like to be beaten or stepped on, and those who like to be robbed. There are fetishists who like shoes, and men who dress youngmen up in costumes. There is even one whose pitiful quirk it is to prepare and serve home-cooked meals to naked youngmen.

Rechy's hero is a stud hustler who roams this world familiarly in Manhattan's Times Square and Greenwich Village, in Los Angeles' Pershing Square, and in the French Quarter in New Orleans (Mardi gras is Queersville, of course, because queens can wear their highest drag). It is a dreary world where the aberrant have made, and live by, their own conventions. Perhaps the dreariest part of it is not that so much of its business is transacted in the men's rooms of subway stations. It is that the homosexuals Rechy writes about are, for every moment of their lives, wholly obsessed and ruled by sex.

## Artful Legerdemon

THE STORIES OF WILLIAM SANSONOM (422 pp.)—William Sansom—Little, Brown (\$6).

The worlds William Sansom surprises into life are populated with gentle stranglers and murderous lovers, with beasts that think like men and men who dream themselves into beasts. Their environs are often menacing and unfailingly strange: "The shadow of a cloud was passing over the map, it came towards him like a fast-moving tide, heaving the hills as it came. It came at a fast wind-blown pace, eating up the fields, blotting out life like the edge of a dangerous sea moving in. The grave earth itself and the green things growing in collusion with it took on preverence and, never moving, breathed a quiet hatred on to the mineral air."

A Sansom short story is a piece of



WILLIAM SANSONOM  
*Sleight of hand.*

artful thimblerrigging. There are eerily improbable confrontations: the lonely writer who discovers the blonde girl of his dreams on a Norwegian waterfront and stares deep into her dreaming eyes only to discover that she is blind and that the eyes are shiny glass. The cheerful salesman who meets an escaped lion on the deserted pathway of a zoo and is at first terrified and then forever mortified that the lion turns disdainfully away, rejecting him as a meal.

Sleight of hand, of course. But in his artful nets Sansom catches as much of the puffy anguishes and the razor-finned sorrows of middle-class life as any other story writer now at work. He makes many of his comments in metaphor. In *The Vertical Ladder* he describes a boy's slow ascent, in response to a dare, up a ladder on the outside of a six-story gas tower. The farther he climbs, the more terrified he becomes of the heaving ground below. When he reaches the top, he discovers that the last dozen rungs are missing. The dislocation he feels—suspended between earth and air, past and future—suggests those other climbers of various social structures who fear to edge their way down but who can never quite find room at the top. Sansom leaves his climber clinging to the uppermost rung, "shivering and past knowledge what more he could ever do."

## Doomsayer's Diary

NOTES FROM A BOTTLE FOUND ON THE BEACH AT CARMEL (243 pp.)—Evan S. Connell Jr.—Viking (\$6).

Notes consigned to bottles are customarily desperate but rarely written in free verse. Evan S. Connell's are both. Manipulated by a better-than-good young novelist, the mixture turns out to be a hard-to-follow but strangely effective message from Connell to what he clearly believes is a doomed world.

At first look, *Notes* sounds like the



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disordered rambling of a demented candidate for a degree in universal knowledge who has tossed his index cards into the nearest bottle after emptying it at a gulp. His note writer is a nameless wanderer on a ship that finally founders in icy seas. The surface of his world is all history, held in an instantaneous, timeless memory where the flight of the *Enola Gay* over Hiroshima is contemporary with the imprisonment of Galileo, and where, for example, Nero might fiddle while Chicago burns. The depth he contemplates is the inexhaustible profundity of human cruelty. A man's hands are slashed and filled with salt, another's leg is wrenched from its socket by a driven team of horses.

HANSEL WIEH



EVAN CONNELL

A cargo of thumbs and noses.

The question that plagues the wanderer is the ancient one: How to account for the evil in man if God is both all-powerful and good? And like many another modern soul seared by a too-strong vision of atomic doom, he turns back to the heretical judgment of the medieval Manichees: God and the Devil are at best an equal match.

For those game enough to plow through it, *Notes* also offers some less harrowing dividends. During the Panama campaign, the wanderer reports, "Balboa's dog received the pay of a crossbowman." A Christian named Bohemund "sent to the Greek emperor a cargo of thumbs and noses." In the case of suspected witches or sorcerers, the Devil's mark "will be found under the lip or upon the fundament, if the suspect be a man. Where women are concerned one should meticulously examine the breasts and pudenda."

A reader who cares to classify the book's learned asides will have enough astruse anecdotes and arcane folklore to dine out on for a season at least.

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